

9 771743 916024

Issue 37 Nov/Dec 2008

Little White Lies

Truth & Monkeys

ANOTHER EARTH

Kris S.

I FELT
LIKE
ANYTHING
WAS
POSSIBLE
AND IT
WAS



NEAR SPACE CORP

CHAPTER 1 in which we
review ANOTHER EARTH

Book by Brian Winters (Illustrations by Tom Gammie) / Published by NEAR SPACE CORP



A composite image featuring a woman's face in profile on the left and a detailed close-up of a tree trunk with prominent bark texture on the right.

ANOTHER EARTH

MIKE CORYELL'S FUSION OF SCIENCE-FICTION AND PHILOSOPHY SUGGESTS THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE FOR A RESURGENT GENRE.

Directed by Mike Cahill
Written by Mike Cahill, William Mapother, Steven Molaro
Edited by Steven Molaro



M

MONDAY NOVEMBER 4TH 2002

de Cailly's *Another Earth* offers a fractured reflection of what might have been. Not in as many of that film's and uncertain fancies, but in hurling back to a science-fiction cinema that took its cues from the expansive ideas of Carl Sagan and Arthur C Clarke rather than the expensive thrills of George Lucas. On that other Earth, the game remained a crucible of ideas, with Stanley Kubrick and Andre Tarkovsky in harness.

Another Earth may not stand comparison with the work of those masters, but that confident debut lends its weight to the retromania of *Days of Thunder*, too. Showcasing a keen intelligence and understated style, its most obvious contemporary point of reference is Duncan Jones' *Moon*. And yet, like Jones' debut, *Another Earth* is very obviously a first film – with both the energy and the impatience that rages. It's an ambitious but flawed drama that boldly unearths Cailly's arrival – not his pretense.



Last night: A house party Rhoda Williams (Reed Morano, who co-wrote the script with Cailly) is celebrating her acceptance into MIT. As she drives home, the radio announces a miraculous discovery: a new planet in the sky bearing all the hallmarks of an Earth-like ability to sustain life. But in the same breath of discovery comes tragedy, an accident that will alter the course of both Rhoda's life and her victim.

Picking up the pieces several years later, two narratives will play out. As Rhoda is drawn unwillingly to widow John (William Mapother), drawn perhaps by compassion, but more likely by guilt, contact is made with the new planet, dubbed "Earth 2", and an incredible, impossible revelation occurs.

These two threads – one, a microscopic study of individual lives in stasis, the other, a cosmopolitan-scale study of infinite possibilities – will attempt to create an icy tableau of alienation and broken dreams ➤



"PART-METAPHOR, PART-MYSTERY, PART-MACGUFFIN, EARTH 2 AFFORDS CAHILL THE OPPORTUNITY TO MUSE ON THE BIG QUESTIONS THAT CLEARLY FASCINATE HIM."

Show in a palette of frigid blues, whites and greys, *Another Earth* foregrounds the emotional isolation of John and Rhoda. John's grief has manifested, becoming an almost physical thing that infects everything around him with decay. His house is layered with grime and dust clouded with memories, but in a symbolic act Rhoda will come to clean it once a week, pretending to be somebody she's not, and yet, at the same time, discovering the person she really is.

Cahill allows their relationship to develop at a languid pace, lingering on close-up caught in shafts of pale sunlight, and framing his action in close-up. *Another Earth* isn't a beautiful film, exactly (it has a grainy DV vibe that screens, "like me seriously?"), but it possesses a sensuous visual texture. It is thoughtfully even self-consciously composed, but its very stillness threatens to leave the drama smothering in front of you.

The dramatic dynamic between Rhoda and John isn't compelling enough to

withstand such extended scrutiny. John spends the majority of the film in the dark about Rhoda's identity—and in thus little more than a cipher for her healing process. How much richer would their relationship have been if Rhoda had told him the truth, making John emotionally complex in their affair and forcing him to deal with his own feelings of trauma and guilt? John's ignorance sings him of complexity, and so they stand between them fail to speak. When John, a composer, takes Rhoda to an empty concert hall and plays for her, it's supposed to suggest intimacy and revelation. Instead, it feels like you're intruding on someone's slightly embarrassing "moment".

Trapped as she is in this calcifying reality, you can sympathise with Rhoda as the gauze weightily at the new planet and dreams of escape. As it happens, an entrepreneur is offering the chance to win a seat on a private space flight, a competition that Rhoda enters



and wins, much to John's dismay. His life along with his house – is beginning to feel the benefit of a woman's touch.

But Earth 2 is where Rhoda's (and Cahill's) heart really lies. Post-apocalyptic, post-mythic, post-MacGuffin, it's an inspired idea that affords Cahill the opportunity to muse on the big questions that so clearly fascinate him. Earth 2 is a counterpart to the fantasy of escape that Rhoda is already enacting with John. But like any fantasy, all it does is reinforce just how trapped we are in the present. It's a constant reminder of a life just out of reach – at once tempting, promising and mocking.

In voice over, Dr Richard Bernstein (a former teaching assistant of Carl Sagan) waxes lyrical, wondering about the mystery of ourselves. Do we... can we... know ourselves? Would we recognise ourselves if we were ever to meet? Then Rhoda tells a story about the first Russian in space, commented

by a ticking sound whose origin he couldn't discern. Facing the risk of being discredited, he closed his eyes and the ticking became a symphony. Is real escape only to be found in the imagination? Is that where ascent and redemption are? Where peace is? If so, what is Earth 2?

Cahill raises these questions but isn't interested in the answers. Of course, there aren't any answers. Or perhaps there are too many. His film concludes with a crescendo of uncertainty, in a smart way that throws open new ways of looking at what has gone before. It also, it should be said, suggests narrative inconveniences that aren't addressed but should be.

It's a fittingly ambivalent conclusion to an imperfect film – one that strays from sophistication to ingenuity, from heavy inquiry to dramatic inertia. Another Earth is original, intelligent and eccentric – a true American indie that deserves to be admired

and supported. But part of that support is respectful awareness of its shortcomings. On second thought, maybe it doesn't entirely announce Cahill's arrival at all – just the start of a journey that will hopefully take us somewhere worth seeing.

Anticipation. Came out of nowhere with a killer trailer in the dark days of summer. Could this be the antidote to blockbuster fatigue?

Engagement. Yes and no. There's a lot to enjoy, but a bit of blockbuster polish wouldn't have been a bad thing.

In Retrospect. Full of promise. Keep an eye on Cahill.



The Elder Scrolls® V
SKYRIM
E3 2011

"MAKING FANTASY A REALITY"
- IGN

PLAN TO BEAT THE METAScore
ON NOV. 11, 2011



ELDERSCATOLLS.COM

Bethesda

Games for Windows

© 2011 Bethesda Softworks LLC, a division of ZeniMax Media Inc. All rights reserved. Bethesda, Bethesda Softworks, ZeniMax Media Inc., ZeniMax Online Studios, and related logos are trademarks or registered trademarks of ZeniMax Media Inc. and/or its子公司. All other brands and product names are trademarks of their respective owners. "E3" is a trademark of the Entertainment Software Association. An all-digital download and distribution service is available at [ubisoft.com](http://www.ubisoft.com).

XBOX 360 XBOX LIVE

PS3

15

 WINNER OF THE CRITICS WEEK

"THIS FILM BLEW ME AWAY



MICHAEL SHANNON

GRAND PRIX CANNES 2011
FROM ITS OPENING SHOT"



JESSICA CHASTAIN

TAKE SHELTER

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JEFF NICHOLS

15

"A MASTERPIECE.
MICHAEL SHANNON GIVES
THE PERFORMANCE
OF THE YEAR"

"UNIQUE AND UNFORGETTABLE"



**"STUNNING!
AN AMERICAN MASTERPIECE"**

IN CINEMAS NATIONWIDE NOVEMBER 25

Every one of us is, in the cosmic perspective, precious. If a human disagrees with you, let him live. In a hundred billion galaxies, you will not find another.

Carl Sagan, 1980



IWLise:

What do you love about movies?

Mike Cahill:

What do I love about movies? Oh my gosh. Um... Movies... As opposed to, like, novels and poetry or anything? I mean there's a power of movies that is very specific, that is through pictures and sound... How does this work exactly: through pictures and sound on a box on a wall we can be transported to an emotion we might not have experienced? Being John Malkovich does it well where they, like, literally get to be John Malkovich, but a movie is a Being John Malkovich experience all the time. You connect with the protagonist and you go through this intense experience and learn something about what it means to be human.

Brit Marling:

Oh my gosh... You know, I love when you go to the cinema and the lights go down and you're with an audience, but you're not talking to each other, and a story plays out and it enters you, and for this period of time you forget yourself. You forget the period of time you're in, you forget all of it and you surrender to someone else's point of view. You're profoundly, deeply moved, and you're connected to yourself and you're connected to everyone else in that audience and you're connected to all the filmmakers behind it. Something about that experience, when it's done really well, can be intoxicating. A great movie reaches out to you in that void and grabs your hand and reassures you you're not alone. I guess that's what we all want really - to feel like we're somehow not alone. A good movie can make that happen, or make the loneliness more bearable, maybe.



WWW.CARHARTT-WP.COM
ILLUSTRATION BY ZERK&DESTROY

carhartt
WORK IN PROGRESS

SUBSCRIPTION



LWLIES IS PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR AND DISTRIBUTED AROUND GREAT BRITAIN AND THE RESPECTABLE BITS OF AMERICA. SUBSCRIBE AT LITTLEWHITEORIES.CO.UK AND YOU'LL GET A YEAR'S WORTH OF COPIES DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR FOR ONLY £20. YOU'LL ALSO RECEIVE:



YOUR OWN PERSONAL
LOGIN TO DOWNLOAD
ARTWORK AND STUFF



ACCESS TO THE DIGITAL
EDITION OF LWLIES ON THE
DAY THAT IT HITS SHELVES

WHAT'S MORE, YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF
THESE SPECIAL OFFERS FROM OUR FRIENDS

LOVEFiLM  SUBSCRIBERS GET A 30-DAY FREE TRIAL (NON LOVEFiLM MEMBERS ONLY)

BFI  SUBSCRIBERS GET £5 OFF ANNUAL BFI MEMBERSHIP

STACK MAGAZINES  SUBSCRIBERS GET £5 OFF YEARLY STACK SUBSCRIPTION

PICTUREHOUSE CINEMAS  SUBSCRIBERS GET 15 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP FOR THE PRICE OF 12

SHOOTING PEOPLE  SUBSCRIBERS GET 35% OFF SHOOTERS MEMBERSHIP

MUBI  SUBSCRIBERS CAN WATCH ONE MOVIE AT MUBI.COM FOR FREE

THE BARBICAN  SUBSCRIBERS GET £5 OFF YEARLY BARBICAN MEMBERSHIP

CINEMOI  SUBSCRIBERS CAN ENJOY A 3-DAY FREE TRIAL ON SKY CHANNEL 343

12 DISC
BOXSET

NEW RELEASES



This definitive collection has a fully restored classic feature, early shorts and a host of exclusive extras including behind-the-scenes footage, deleted scenes, documentaries, introductions, subtitles, photo galleries and trailer media.

OUT 14 NOVEMBER



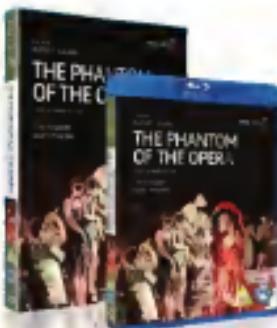
Peter Mullan's award-winning first feature fully restored on Blu-ray and DVD.
OUT NOW



Brand new restoration and available on Blu-ray for the first time.
OUT NOW



Restored and available for the first time in the UK on DVD & Blu-ray.
OUT 7 NOVEMBER



Brand new digital restoration, a-disc ultimate edition on Blu-ray and DVD.
OUT 21 NOVEMBER



Available for the first time on DVD and Collector's Edition Blu-ray.
OUT 26 NOVEMBER

For details of our full home entertainment catalogue and theatrical releases, visit www.parkcircus.com

Post-Save Free Delivery and Anti-Freeze Fee One Day Delivery with Amazon Prime are available. Terms and Conditions apply. See Amazon.co.uk for details.
©2011 Park Circus Film Company Ltd. All rights reserved. PARK CIRCUS and the PARK CIRCUS logo are trademarks of Park Circus Film Company Ltd.

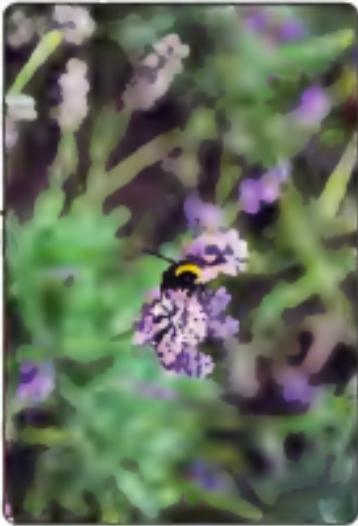
amazon.co.uk



SEE FILM DIFFERENTLY

Jane Eyre

Volkswagen's See Film Differently campaign is all about looking at movies with a fresh perspective, and celebrating the great locations that have been put through the transformative gaze of film. In September, we celebrated the theatrical release of Cary Fukunaga's *Jane Eyre* with a screening at Haddon Hall – the location that doubles as Thornfield Hall, Rochester's ancestral manor. Next up is an archive screening of Edgar Wright's *Hot Fuzz* at the Picturehouse Little Theatre Cinema in Bath on November 24. Check out seefilmdifferently.com for details of this and future events, plus exclusive features and interviews.



ADVERTORIAL

SEEFILMDIFFERENTLY.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/SEEFILMDIFFERENTLY
@VOLKSWAGENFILM





© 55775 106.983 444.575 -293.6232

ALTERNATIVE VISIONS

OTHER EARTHS, WARPED REALITIES AND
NEW HORIZONS THESE ARE THE PLACES
WHERE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

55776 103-384 44-624 -252-3162



I'M
STILL
HERE

DEBUT DIRECTOR MIKE CAHILL MAY BE LIVING
THE DREAM, BUT HE'S KEEPING HIMSELF
GROUNDED IN THE HERE AND NOW.

T

here was an angel in the

auditorium at Georgetown University. She

was blond and beautiful, and she was on her feet — leading a

walking meditation for Mike Cahill. Cahill couldn't see her, though. He was

up on stage accepting an award for the short that had just taken first prize at the

university's film festival. He was playing it cool and wasn't wearing his glasses. All he could

do was peer into the crowd as his cohost, Zell, stood in awe. "What's that girl?" Zell asked him.

"What girl?" Cahill replied.

The girl came up to them later and introduced herself; said she was called Brit Marling, said she forced their

walk, told she'd do anything to be part of their film — hold a boom, a light, whatever. "Why don't you stay in itself?"

Cahill suggested.

This is not the origin story of *Another Earth*, its only an aspect of it—the seeds of a partnership that would take root and grow. In the beginning? That happened much earlier—in New Haven, Connecticut, in the mid-1980s, when a mother bought her son a toy camera for his birthday. He was seven-year-old Mike was soon to have a revelation.

His name was Mike. He probably didn't have long black hair and he definitely didn't have a mustache, although he has both today—like a refugee from a war that alternative kids last. At seven, he might have been gay. Maybe he had the same spontaneous laugh. Maybe the same way of being intensely present.

Mike had a thing for Matchbox cars, the first thing he did with his Fisher-Price Preschool was file one of them as he pushed it along. Then he had an idea. He filmed his brother pretending to drive, then he went back to the car. Watching it in tape, it looked like Mike's brother was actually driving the car. He sensed he was onto something big.

At seven-and-a-half, Mike Cahill had discovered montage. "I realized that if you juxtapose images you can create a new narrative—that the combination of images together creates a new meaning," he recalls. "That was fucking mindblowing for me because there was power in it."

This is the origin story of *Another Earth*—the power of discovery that implanted a sense of wonder and possibility in a boy. They were emotions that persisted as the boy got older, got an economics degree and started experimenting with video art. Eventually, they'd force him to drop everything and set out on a \$100,000 self-financed feature film.



There's been a lot written about the resurgence of twenty-first-century science fiction, but the thing is, most of it is true. *Another Earth* is just place alongside *Pride, Moon and Muses* as a home-grown genre piece inspired not just by advances in affordable technology, but by a spirit of intellectual adventure that harks back to the great moments of the 1960s and '70s.

Cahill got switched on to sci-fi after he moved to LA and started driving around the city while listening to an audiobook of Dr. Richard Bernstein. Bernstein was an acolyte of the master, Carl Sagan, and he measured droll about the cosmos. *Galileo*, *Astrophysics* and the library of Alexandria provided a "beautiful emotional narrative" that captured Cahill's imagination.

Technology, too, was critical. Cahill had always been an experimenter—whether producing videos or under the pseudonym "Dale Teeth" or just pointing and shooting, trying things to see what happened. "I like playing," he says, framed against a bare brick wall in the ZFFM office, "just having cameras around, shooting stuff, even if I'm going to throw it away. I didn't go to film school, but I made my own film school through experimentation, watching, eating up material and reading every screenwriting book imaginable."

He learnt a few tricks—some technical (film shooting someone in the frame, then shooting the same frame without them and dissolving the two so that the person disappeared), some emotional.

< But the breakthrough came one day when he need competing two versions of himself.

— conducting an interview

— "I sat down, then another version of me came and sat down opposite, and one was stated very obviously. Interviewing the other he said

55775 337-258 442-758 -293-9728



Then I thought,

"What if we really could capture
ourselves? What would you feel if you could sit across
from another version of yourself? What judgements would you have on that
person? What emotions? Would you like that person or hate that person? Would
you think they were making bad choices or good choices?"

Confident that he could crack the technological nut, Cabilio wrote three shorts with *Marting*
that were designed to offer her a series of acting challenges linked by a loose narrative. But as they got
deeper into the third script, *Another Earth*, "it just grew and took over."



"... all the technical challenge of the effects and the intellectual challenge of a story inspired by some of cosmology's deepest
theories, like any indie film, it was the practical problems that occupied Cabilio during the shoot. But these were problems he
embraced. "Whether it's budget constraint or time constraint or whatever, in some ways it's a gift to the artist because it creates a world
within which you need to use cleverness and ingenuity to figure a way out," he reasons.

Cabilio's method was to divide the shoot into "on-grid" and "off-grid". On-grid involved doing things properly – or as properly
as they could on a budget. So the car crash that sends Rhoda to prison was shot on a stretch of highway in New Haven that had been
closed for the night by an old cop buddy of Cabilio's. They rented a couple of cars for party cash and found matching wheels in a junkyard.
They couldn't afford a crane to get the final blinds-eye shot, but they got a cherry-picker for 70 bucks and figured out how to stabilize
the camera. "I remember being on top after shooting the crash and looking around and going, 'This is awesome! This is, like, one of the best
days of my life!', Cabilio says.

But it was the off-grid shoot that saw Cabilio earn his spurs as a genuine, 'gentleman' indie filmmaker. "My motto is, 'Everything's
permissible until you ask permission,'" he says. "Once you ask for permission everybody says 'no', so sometimes you have to figure out how to
get something done. I think anyone in those situations who is desperately passionate about what they're trying to do ends up doing something
illegal once in a while to make something that means something."

On *Another Earth*, much time came when they needed to shoot Rhoda leaving prison after a four-year stretch. They weren't going
to waste time and money asking for a permit, so after finding a suitable place in Connecticut, Cabilio and *Marting* rocked up with a
plan. Cabilio shot from the car while *Marting* approached the prison entrance with a yoga mat. She told the duty officer she was
there to take a class with some inmates, and while the officer went to check her bona-fides, *Marting*

stepped the mat, walked out of the front door and filmed the scene.

Cabilio ended up with a draft

"All of a sudden we were surrounded by five cops," laughs Cabilio. "They look at me like, 'What's the movie, which, he says, 'isn't'
in custody-and wanted to take our tapes. We had two crew location scouting for me – like, catastrophically generously spaced
a bigger reason, so they introduced us to the warden. He loves movies so he's like, 'Me!' The Sundance selectors agreed, choosing
set down with us and had a coffee, he gave us a card and said, 'Cabilio' *Another Earth* or one of 16 entries for the festival. And then
they're like, 'We'd love for you to see it.' We were like, 'Sounds good to us – we've already got the shot!'"

over 10,000 submissions. It received a standing ovation at

its premiere.

So what's changed for Cabilio? Everything and nothing. "You know
wherever you travel, you have to write your profession on the passport
declaration. Before, I'd always write 'filmmaker' in quotes. After Sundance,
I was like, 'I am putting that in bold print!' It served. It's everything I dreamed
of as a kid."

But Cabilio is still here – on this Earth, not some fantasy planet of Hollywood
imagination. He's got another film to shoot (about reincarnation), and if he's got
a bit more cash in his pocket to make it, it's still going to be a modest effort.
There'll be those reminders, those walls that need scaling.

And yet he looks unbothered. "The role of a director is to be an author, writer," he says as we prepare to pack up. "To check what's coming
through the lens, is it reading as love or is it reading as truth? That
comes from a certain sort of intuition and a certain sort of
observation – you have to pay enough attention to what
real humans do in real situations, and I don't
think that goes away. So in that way, I think I'm the same." (1)



Shooting wrapped but the story went
barely hot over. Eight months of
editing followed before



FILM STUDIES AT LIVERPOOL JOHN MOORES UNIVERSITY



EARN THAT OPINION

- Study and Make Films
- Critical, Historical, Practical
- European, American and World Cinema
- Film Criticism and Film-Philosophy

Staff: Dr. David Sorba, Dr. Lydia Papadimitriou, Dr. Corin Willis, Trevor Long, Alex Irving, Camilla Affleck, Keith Marley

Part of the [Liverpool Screen School](#)

CONTACT INFORMATION

[facebook.com/filmstudiesLjMU](https://www.facebook.com/filmstudiesLjMU)

twitter.com/filmLjMU

UCAS: (LS1) P303

Web: <http://www.ljmu.ac.uk/les>

S E T S U L P L I N G N



>

.

WORDS
BY
MARK
ROWLANDS

>

Y

A large, thin-lined letter 'O' with a small gap at the top left.

U

A stylized letter 'R' with a vertical stem and a curved loop extending from its top right.

*

~

X

-

**PHILOSOPHER, AUTHOR AND FILM FANATIC
MARK ROWLANDS JOINS THE DOTS FROM
DESCARTES TO SCHWARZENEGGER IN THE MOST
THOUGHT-PROVOKING SCI-FI MOVIES EVER.**

It's the old story, they never get off his dreams – literally. He's really asleep in a pod and is deceived into thinking otherwise by the machines that are using his body as a battery. Gif persuades boy to wake up, and in there two and a half months later, the machines get their comeuppance – sort of. This, of course, is arguably the greatest philosophical movie trilogy of all time: *The Matrix*.

These movies – especially the first – are an exploration of a question made famous by philosopher, mathematician scientist and occasional mercenary René Descartes: ‘What can I know?’ If we assume – as Descartes did – that knowledge requires certainty, we can find out how much we know by working out how much we can doubt.

Descartes argued that we can't be certain of [therefore can't know] very much at all. We can't even know that there is a world outside us. To make this point, he imagined an evil demon – his version of the machine – that has fun by getting people to believe things that aren't true.

So while we think we inhabit a real, physical world alongside almost seven billion other people, this is really just the demon/machines deceiving us. This looks very sound (foolish, but is really a way of making vivid a simple point). Nothing we ever experience can justify the hypothesis that there is a real, physical world over the hypothesis that we're being deceived by a powerful intelligence – for our experience is equally compatible with both.

The second hypothesis might sound silly – but that, of course, is just what the demon/machines want us to think. Things get truly tricky when we realize that if the demon/machines can make one artificial reality, they can presumably make many. That is, the ratio between the real world and artificial reality would be one to many. So, making your experience can lead us to favour the real-world hypothesis over the artificial reality hypothesis. Then the balance of probabilities would seem to favour the artificial reality hypothesis. It turns out that we are more likely to be in the matrix than what we call the ‘real world’. Ridiculous? Maybe. But where is the flaw in the argument?



Descartes eventually escaped his doubts through the claim, ‘I think, therefore I am.’ I cannot coherently doubt that I exist, because if I didn't exist, who would be doing the doubting? That I exist, therefore, is something of which I can be certain – something I can genuinely know.

But in fact, things are not as clear-cut as Descartes imagined. Even if it is certain that I exist – who is this ‘I’? It's this conundrum that takes us to the second great philosophical sci-fi movie: *Total Recall*.

Hauer (Arnold Schwarzenegger) is an agent who wants to infiltrate a rebel movement on Mars. The movement in question, however, has a leader with telepathic abilities who would easily sniff him out. So Hauer has a set of false memories implanted into his brain. ■

– memories that effectively transforms him into another person, Quid, who has no nothing of Hester's essence.

To cut a long story short, Quid successfully infiltrates the movement, but when push comes to shove and his history is revealed, he decides he has no intention of going back to being Hester, and defends his new identity with all of the gratuitous violence one has come to expect and love in a midcareer Schindlerwagen movie (i.e. a lot more than *Kidnapping Cap!*).

Real *Ressell* is a defence of what is known as the 'memory theory' of personal identity. What makes you the person you are – the same person as you were yesterday and different from any other person? According to the memory theory, it is your memories that do this. A scene late in the film has Arnie break free of a chair to which he's tied and then proceed to massacre his adversaries with the arms of cold steel; it is perhaps the most stirring defence of memory theory ever conducted.

Interestingly, later in his career, Arnie apparently renounced his commitment to the theory. *The Day* presents a persuasive case against the memory theory by way of a duplicate objection: the possibility of two different people who have exactly the same memories.

In this later offering, Arnie is pushed in the direction of a position defended by the Oxford philosopher Derek Parfit. Each one of us is not a persisting person, but merely a constant and rapid succession of different people housed in the same body. This theory might be rather useful if you have, say, fathered a child with your housekeeper. You can, in that case, truly say to your wife, "It wasn't me. I didn't do it!"

Alternatively, you might prefer another line of defence: "I couldn't help

it. I had no choice." This is the argument put forward by *Military Report*. In Spielberg's film, Tom Cruise is the golden boy of the preventive unit whose job is to stop crimes before they are committed. Helping him is a trio of prezgo, – sera of future crimes – until, one day, they see a murder and Tom is the prep.

Military Report is an exploration of the philosophical problem of free will: cause make their effects

*** A SCENE THAT
SHEDS ARNIE
BREAK FREE OF
A CHAIR AND
MASSACRE HIS
ADVERSARIES
WITH THE ARMS
IS PERHAPS THE
MOST STIRRING
DEFENCE
OF MEMORY
THEORY EVER
CONDUCTED. ***

inevitable. Everything that occurs has a cause. Therefore, everything that occurs is inevitable. But if everything is inevitable, our actions, choices and decisions can't be free. Worse still, suppose not everything that occurs has a cause. An event like that would just happen for no reason. It would be random – something outside anyone's control – and therefore all not free.

That option, causes don't make their effects inevitable, but they do influence them. But all 'influence' can mean is

'partly inevitable, partly random' and so all not free. Either way, we aren't free. Free will is one of those things that we naturally assume we possess, and people might be rather upset if they were to discover that they don't have it. That's a pity – because it's unlikely there's any such thing.

Some think that without free will there can be no morality – and morality is the theme of the final film on this list, an offering in the inevitable man genre. *Paul Verhoeven's Hollow Man* is an exploration of a question first discussed by Plato: 'Why bother being moral?' *Hollow Man* – a confection of various levels of severity from simple disappointment to execution – is one reason. But suppose his wife somehow takes over. Would we have any reason to be moral then?

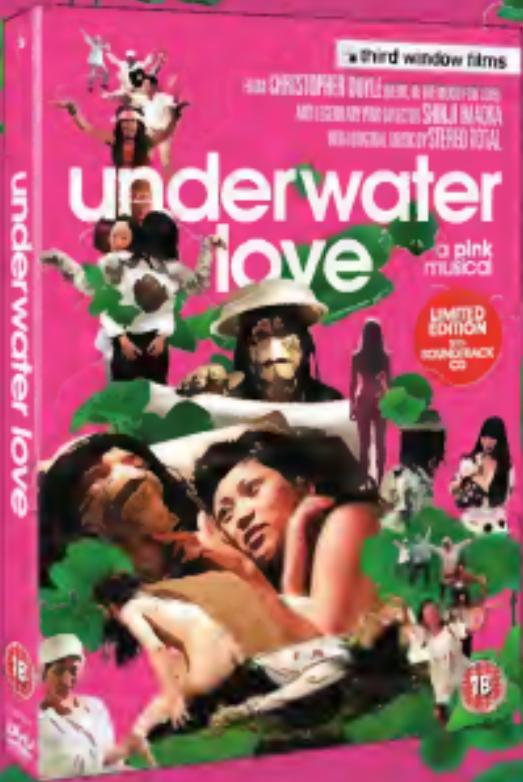
Plato used the mythical story of the ring of Gyges to explore this theme. Gyges, a shepherd, discovers a ring that makes him invisible. He uses it to kill off his rivals and eventually becomes king. In a similar vein, in *Hollow Man*, Kevin Bacon plays a man who is not very nice to begin with, manages to make himself invisible, and becomes completely insufferable as a result. Cue some uncomfortable moments for Russell Shor, and, of course, a bad end for Kevin Bacon.

Just when he thought he had taken exertion out of the genre, it comes back and bites him. So, replacing the movie never gets past speculation as an answer to this fundamental question of morality. That's not just philosophically disappointing, it's psychologically worrying @.

Mark Bookwell: *The Philosopher or the End of the Universe* is available now from Ebury

underwater love

a pink
musical



Japan's first
'sex-musical'!

From legedyary pink director
Shinji Imaoka

(Lunch Box, Frog Song)

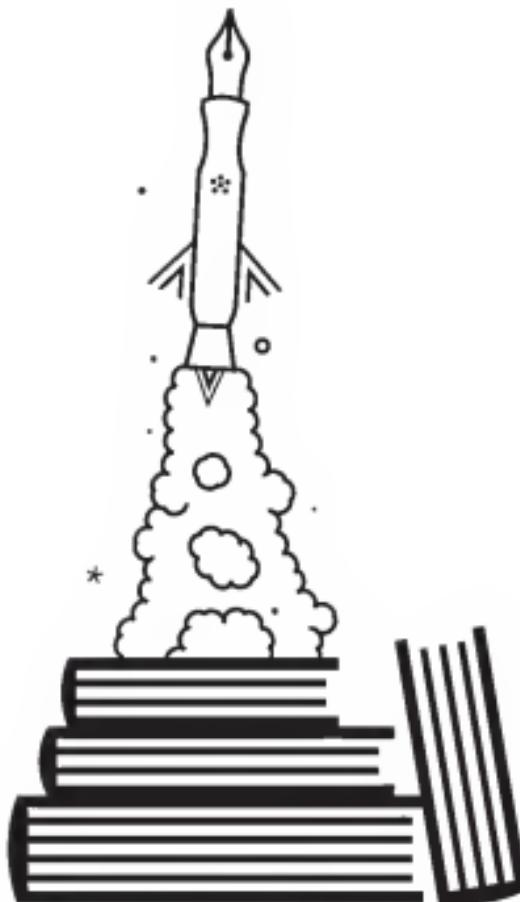
and cinematographer
Christopher Doyle
(Hero, In the Mood for Love)

with original music by
Stereo Total

Limited Edition 2-disc release - Only 2,000 made!
Featuring lots of extras and a soundtrack CD!

On DVD NOVEMBER 21st

<http://pinkmusical.co.uk>



AT THE GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER IN MARYLAND, A UNIQUE COLLABORATION BETWEEN NASA AND US PUBLISHER TOR PROMISES TO SPARK A NEW SCI-FI BOOM. EW.LIES GETS THE LOWDOWN...

SΦΛΩΦ ΦΛΛΜΦ

Twenty-two years before Neil Armstrong bounced on the moon, writer Robert Heinlein imagined three rocket engineers embarking on a laser mission in a spaceship converted to run on thorium and zinc. Nineteen years before NASA put the first satellite in geosynchronous orbit, Arthur C. Clarke proposed using a set of satellites in fixed positions to form a global communications network. And 19 years before the first robot was created, Isaac Asimov invented the Three laws of Robotics, which are still studied in electrical engineering classes or universities. The parallel scientific and fictional brilliance feed each other.

But the country that developed paleoanthropology, put men on the moon and developed the atom bomb — inspiring Jurassic Park, Star Trek and Star Wars along the way — is in danger of losing that brilliance. In America, none of the sciences feature in the 10 most popular university courses and, according to a state-sponsored review of science education, *Rising Above the Gathering Storm*, nearly half of adults in the country don't know how long it takes for the Earth to circle the Sun.

To reverse the trend, NASA has joined up with comic publishers to produce accurate fictionaized with tales inspired by the latest technology. From November 29 to December 1, a team of writers handpicked by Tor will

pile down to the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, where they'll see the latest NASA gadgets in action and learn from the specialists who operate them.

Enrico Santiago-Arcos, an electrical engineer at Goddard who negotiated the collaboration, hopes that the collaboration inspired by these new developments will prompt future generations to take up technical geekery. "Young people don't seem to be interested in science and engineering, and I'm worried about NASA's workforce — that it's not going to be there," he says. "Hodding Carterfied writers like Isaac Asimov, Jules Verne and H.G. Wells have been key to innovation because they dreamed of stuff way before it was possible and inspired a few kids to turn what lay in their imaginations into reality. Our idea with the Tor collaboration is to inspire future generations in that way."



hoping to revive a sense of wonder that can turn into discovery, Tor President Tom Doherty is grinning like a five-year-old over the deal. In fact, he's a 76-year-old sci-fi veteran who's been in the business since the 1950s, hanging out with astronauts Buzz Aldrin and helping Bill Paxton practice his scottish book *How Do You Go to the Bathroom in Space?* ►

A fan of classic zines such as *Analog* and *Galaxy*, Doherty has recently seen a dip in hard sci-fi and he wants to build on the connection between fiction and reality. "The sci-fi I grew up with was forward-looking and filled with positivity, it explored the potential for growth and the wonderful things that people could do," Doherty enthuses. "The most impressive idea I read about back in the 1950s was solar power – a story in which someone created a solar satellite and harvested power from the Sun down to Earth like now [sic] has branched out and much of it overlaps with fantasy. Hard sci-fi extrapolates from what we know and envisions what might be, and that adds something more to a story – it's more than just pure fantasy. We need to get kids into it in order to innovate, evolve and look to the future."



To churn out a new breed of hard sci-fi novels, the writers will be given a tour of Goddard and then thrown into a speed networking event where they'll chat for five minutes at a time to the Space Center's specialists. The plan is to mix their brains with ideas – and Goddard is bursting with inspiration.

One of 10 NASA facilities across the US, the centre is responsible for operating scientific satellites, including the Hubble Space Telescope, which produces explosive images of space; the Solar Dynamics Observatory, which can detect flares from the sun; the Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter, which recently began took images of the craters left on the moon by the Apollo missions; and the Cosmic Background Explorer, which studies the pattern of radiation formed by the Big Bang.

On top of the futuristic stuff, Goddard also explores technology that many of us have in our homes: Tempur-Pedic mattresses made from memory foam were designed by NASA for astronauts' beds; some of the techniques used to polish spectacles were developed by the space agency to clean telescope lenses, and X-ray MRI headsets contain NASA technology that enhances communication. "And of course, we have the International Space Station and all of the weather work that we do," says Santiago-Aceas. "We know where all of the meteorological stuff is happening and a lot of what we do is part of our day-to-day life."



Once the writers have picked themes for their stories they'll continue to have access to NASA scientists and will be given the chance to shadow them while they work. The resulting novels can follow whatever lines they want, but all of the science must

be spot on – Goddard's guys will pick over the completed works to make sure that they don't get off into fantasy land. "When I'm watching a movie that involves space travel or other scientific principles, sometimes I think, 'Hm, I don't think that's possible, that's against everything we know,'" says Santiago-Aceas. "If you see that the right set of principles are there and the art still seems plausible, you make a better connection. You don't get distracted by things that don't make sense."

In the vein of Santiago-Aceas's soft hero, Michael Crichton, most of the series will be thrillers, written by authors (yet to be chosen as Doherty went to print) who have a science background. Doherty is a Captain Ronin kind of guy who'd like one of the novels to be about a hero who clean up the Earth. "To me, the most exciting technology being developed is for harnessing clean energy sources," he says. "It's up to the writers to dig what they want, but science might be something like a bunch of guys who are putting generators onto the gulf stream to harness its power. They'd have investors out for money or territory from the Middle East trying to stop them, but the heroes with vision will triumph."

Santiago-Aceas is also into the idea of stories based on Earth – she wants to see technology transfer like NASA devices that can be used to analyse data from CT scans and MRIs. In the novels, but the biggest sense of wonder she gets from Goddard lies in galaxies far, far away. "Seeing things in space excites me," she says, trailing off. "I think it's amazing. Before, we thought there was only us – just Earth – and then we saw planets and we saw the stars, and the stuff we see is just a tiny part of what is out there. The possibilities are mind-blowing. Now NASA's Kepler mission has identified planets similar to Earth that might have lifeforms. If there's a planet with a similar environment to ours, I would have life that looks just like us, although I'd have to entertain us, blow us into oblivion or steal Earth."

Countless novels over the past century have explored the potential for life on other planets, so where will sci-fi go next? "Discoveries that change the way we see our place in the universe have the biggest influence on the genre and the most important ones have been Einstein's Theory of Relativity, artificial intelligence and robots," Santiago-Aceas explains. "It's amazing how fast we have moved in 20 or 30 years and I think that quantum mechanics has a lot to do with it."

It's all starting to boggle the mind. Throwing Einstein's Theory of Relativity into doubt, on September 24, scientists at CERN's Large Hadron Collider in Switzerland found that neutrinos – ghostly subatomic particles – may travel faster than the speed of light, potentially opening up the possibility for time travel. It's science, Jim, but not as we know it. ☀



TIME OUT



LOVEFiLM



EMPIRE



TOTAL FiLM

“UNFORGETTABLE, INTENSE, UNFLINCHING
AND INCREDIBLY POWERFUL”

TOTAL FiLM

BASED ON THE SHOCKING TRUE STORY

SNOWTOWN

A FILM BY JUSTIN KURZEL

18
18+ RESTRICTED
NOT FOR CHILDREN

“MESMERISING”
INDIEWIRE



“A STUNNING DEBUT”
FILM4



©2011 AUSTRALIAN FILM INSTITUTE. A FILM BY JUSTIN KURZEL. 2011 AUSTRALIAN FILM INSTITUTE. ANTHONY HOPKINS, ROBERT DUVALL, CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER,
LESLIE PITTMAN, DAVID DENMAN, CLIVE OWEN, RICHARD DRENDEL, PETER FONDA, JAMES SPADER, CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT, TINA COOKE, JEFFREY DEAN
MORGAN, ROBIN WRIGHT, AND PENELOPE ANN MURRAY STARR. WRITTEN BY JUSTIN KURZEL. DIRECTED BY JUSTIN KURZEL.
PRODUCED BY ROBBIE REESE. EDITED BY JOHN JONES. MUSIC BY DAVID BRENT MORRISON. PROPS BY CLIVE OWEN. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JACOB POLK.

WWW.SNOWTOWNFiLM.COM

IN SELECTED CINEMAS NATIONWIDE NOVEMBER 18

www.snowtownfilm.com

THE COUNTER-EARTH THEORY IS BACK IN VOGUE. FILLING OUR SCREENS WITH DUPLICATE PLANETS IN BOTH ANOTHER EARTH AND MELANCHOLIA. THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM: IT'S RUBBISH. HERE'S WHY.


• Bill Malins' character in Another Earth points out scientific commenters once had it that the Earth was flat. What few people realize, however, is that as far back as the ancient Greek's radical philosophers were suggesting that the Earth was, in fact, spherical.

It was Philolaus who, in the late fifth and early fourth centuries BC, noted that the constantly moving alignment of the stars and planets must mean that the Earth is not only not only a central point, but also on its own axis. Depending on this, Philolaus concluded that it must also be true of every other body in the universe, including the Sun, Moon and remaining planets. For Philolaus, the point of the rotation was the "Central Fire" – a celestial body that housed the gods themselves.

But this theory passed in popular for the philosopher and his fellow Pythagoreans. It meant that there were only nine revolving bodies in the universe – the sphere of fixed stars, the five planets, the Sun, Moon and Earth itself. In the Pythagorean system, our universe was infinite, unspotted and unrestrictive, a notion that was repugnant to any Greek and doubly so to a Pythagorean who believed in the significance of the perfect number 10. So Philolaus deduced that there must exist a "Counter-Earth", hidden from sight behind the Sun but constantly acting as a counter weight to our own.

 "Counter-Earth", hidden from sight behind the Sun but constantly acting as a counter weight to our own

planet
• sounds
completely
borders and modern
science will tell you its
responsible Johannes Kepler's
second law teaches us that a
planet revolves faster when it is
closer to the Sun and logically if a
CounterEarth was to exist and followed
the same orbit as our Earth, it would be
visible or specific points of the year.

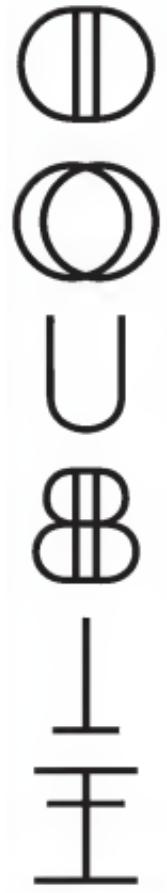
What more weird could feel the gravitational influence imposed by a Counter Earth? Hundreds of space probes and missions to the Moon would have been thrown into disarray as the mathematics required to get them there would have been missing or unknown variable. It's with a heavy heart that science is forced to conclude that there is no mysterious planet lurking beyond the sun.



And yet the late Howard Phillips George Bouscaren Birch argued differently, or at least offered a last line of defence for the Greek thinking. "The theory of the CounterEarth is too荒诞 unbelievable or whimsical", explained Birch in a 1954 paper. This thought cannot be expressed in terms of modern mechanics, because modern mechanics does not have the concept of a curve of space. But Philolaus' mechanics did. Birch resurrected the reputation of the CounterEarth theory. Sure it may look weird now but it was at the cutting edge of maths and philosophy in its day. 

W
D
E
D
S
E
Y
J
A
M
S
W
E
I
D
H
T

T
R
O
U
B
L
E



BRIGHT STAR

BRIT MARLING MAY BE THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK, BUT THE 27-YEAR-OLD WRITER AND ACTOR DOESN'T NEED HOLLYWOOD'S APPROVAL TO SPEAK HER MIND.



earlier, France *Another Earth* has left sent the crowd at the Normandy-based Festival du Cinema Américain into a charmed rapture. And Brit Marling is feeling elated.

In opening up on last night, since *Another Earth* took Sandance by storm and its then-unknown lead was cast into a career swell of critical adoration and *It Girl* hype. Over the course of 2011, Marling has become accustomed to a whirlwind routine of screenings, interviews and photo-shoots, as she and director/cowriter Mike Cahill have taken their ambitious indie debut from Park City to Piccadilly Square. *Another Earth* opened the 19th Resistance Film Festival in late September.

But it's awards ceremonies and red carpets that have become Marling's meat and drink; she's quick to distance herself from the show of the tins. "It never occurred to me that I would be dressed up like

and heels and red carpet," the exodus is a breeze, she says. "Honestly, I'm completely shocked at that part of it. It seems so contradictory. But it's okay. It's all in good fun, I guess."

Cute and glamour come with the territory of being cradled to a shoulder in — just ask the likes of Jennifer Lawrence and Casey Affleck. The Marling shoulders-on-shoulder with her more high-flying contemporaries, however, and the revision towards the superficiality of Hollywood feels amoral. "So much of the process of doing press for this film has been about the surface, what you're wearing, how you look. I can see how it becomes distasteful, the presentation and the posing of it all. There's fire, but it's not raw."

"At the end of the day, no matter how big the set becomes and how much money is behind it, my job is always to attempt to tell the truth and not be false and not lie. That's the thing I find most



W
O
R
K
S

A
D
A
M

W
O
D
W
A
K

emotive about doing, you spend every day working on your innocence and your vulnerability, it's the opposite of what the rest of the world is telling you to do." If her integrity is beginning to look a little wistful-eyed, now's the time to add some context.

00:45-00

Six years ago, a career in the movies was a microscopic speck in Morling's life chart. In 2005, she graduated from Georgetown University with a degree in economics, only to turn down a job offer at an investment bank after deciding that she wanted to be an actress. She credits being "humble" while performing in various high-school plays, so what prompted this seemingly hoity change of heart?

"Mike and I went Georgetown and I began making short films with Zol (Bonsangue), who directed *Sound of My Voice*, Marling's next film, and I was attracted to him why acting suited me," she explains. "It required something of me that I had known intimately in childhood and since abandoned, which is this terrific sense of imagination." Ambitions realized, Morling swapped DC for LA, tenting a small apartment in Silver Lake with Costel and Rummangal, and crossing the hope of finding a screen role in the film industry. No agent and a blank resume made getting noticed tough, but Morling is an advocate of enterprise, not leaving things to chance.

"I wanted to act and Mike really wanted to direct. We were both unable to figure out how to begin that, so we decided to do something together. At the time, Mike had made a video art piece of himself interviewing himself in split-screen. We were watching that and at the same time we were listening to Dr [Richard] Bevilaqua, who's this really wonderful catastrophist, on tape, and something about the nature of whatever was going on or that first led to this story."

She continues, bringing *Another Earth* into view. "It started as just Mike and I telling this story to each other at level. We were doing that for a long time; telling the story back and forth and writing character profiles and trying to just really entertain one another. And then we came up with the ending and at that point we were just running around the apartment screaming. A movie is such an endeavour and it takes up so much of your time, you really have to feel like you have something amazing to share — and at that point we really felt like we did."



As Béline picks Morling's brain over the delicious ambiguity of *Another Earth's* ending, the conversation comes back to destiny

and past decisions. For a brief moment, like her character, Thora, Morling finds herself reflecting on what might have been. "I don't know what would have happened if I had continued on that path. I guess now I wonder what kind of person I would be, maybe there's another Béline out there running a hedge fund."

After chewing over the "what if?" thrown her way, Morling asserts that she's not in two minds over the choices she's made. "Sometimes if you're good at something and you know how to do something well you can end up staying on that path for too long," she says. "I felt a little bit like I had been following this thing that I was supposed to do. I don't regret studying economics and following that trajectory for a while, but I come to a point where, honestly, I just felt my morality. I am not for forever, you know? My lifespan is just this universe skipping her shoulders. So, so brief. Am I going to waste it doing something I don't fully believe is the right thing for self? No way."

*** ACTING SCARED
ME - IT REQUIRED
SOMETHING THAT
I HAD KNOWN
INTIMATELY
IN CHILDHOOD
AND SINCE
ABANDONED,
WHICH IS
THIS TERRIFIC
SENSE OF
IMAGINATION. ***

There's another layer to all this existential small talk. Unusual for a new girl on the scene, Morling is keen to establish herself as a storyteller as well as a screen presence. Just 27, she already has three writing credits to her name — *Another Earth*, *Sound of My Voice* and the upcoming *The Four* — a writing she's added not as a fall-back but as a direct reaction to the current state of her trade. "When I first decided to act, the things that I could read for or go out for were... they just hurt my heart to read, and the thought of going to do them just overwhelmed me in a negative way."

"So many of the parts for young girls... you're usually passive. Things are happening to you, but you're never driving the action of the film, you're often being tied up or held or gimped or raped and someone's saying yes. All of those positions are part of life, they don't not happen, but I couldn't focus on how I was going to write through that because and still be the same person on the other side. I realized that if I wanted to be an actor it would be useful to try to learn how to write."

Morling suggests that "we live so much of our lives based on what we are. In film and television" that the representation of dominant women in classics is symptomatic of the patriarchal social fabric we share. "I want to try to write more good parts for women," she says, "because there aren't as many as there are talented women to portray them."

"I like the idea of figuring out what the female journey is because I don't think we really know," she adds. "I think most of us storytelling is derived from a style of mythology that is mostly written by men. It's hard to really losses what the female story is because the truth is, women haven't been writing it for that long." (●)

"A STAGGERING WORK OF GENIUS"

TRITCH



TIME OUT



THE TIMES



EMPIRE



CLASH

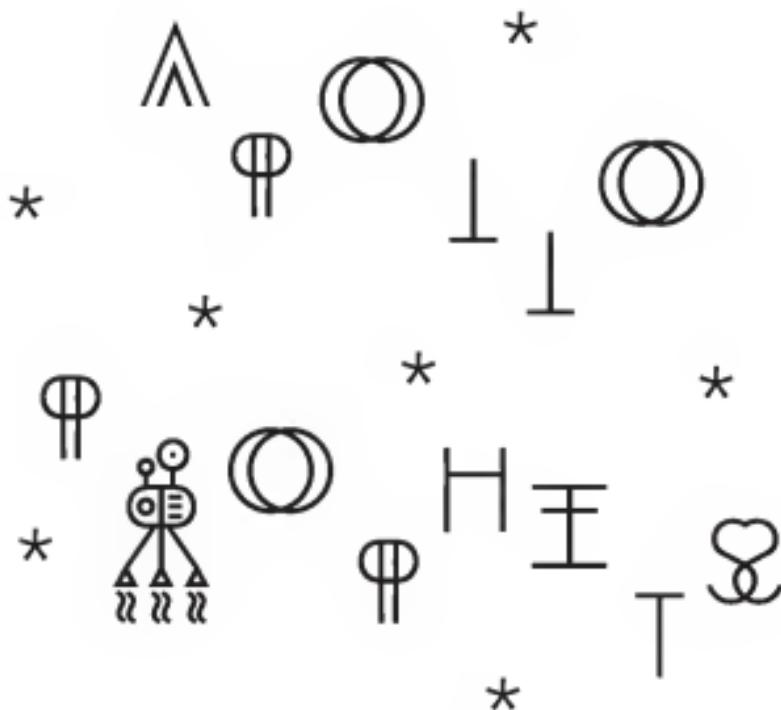
OSCARS
AUGUST 31

A film by Joachim Trier

RENTAL AGREEMENT
DISTRIBUTED BY

OPENS [CURZON] NOVEMBER 4

ODEON
PRINCE ALBERT



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF
NASAJOSFC/ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

FROM SMALL STEPS TO LUNAR LEAPS, THESE
ARE THE ASTRAL VISIONS THAT BECAME THE
LAUNCHPAD FOR MANKIND'S IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

55792 192-876 434-658 -255-6284

ERLANGER CRATER
-370° FAHRENHEIT



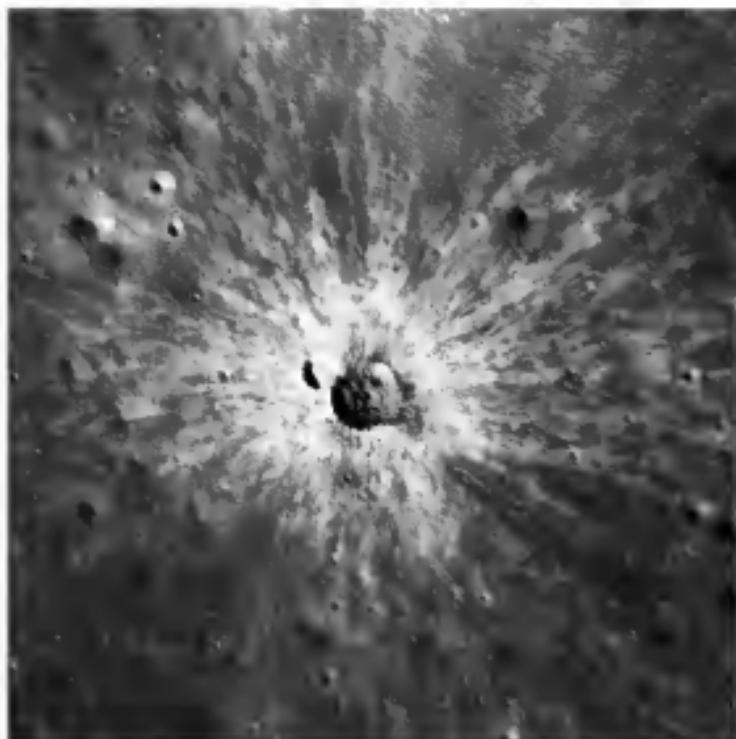
There is something haunting in the light of the Moon,
it has all the dispassionateness of a disembodied soul
and something of its inconceivable mystery.

OO

Joseph Conrad, 1900

55753 143+253 432+734 -258+7074

THE SHORE OF SINUS IRIDIUM
47° 9' N., 31° 7' W.



To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour

OO

William Blake, 1803

THE SCHRÖDINGER PYROCLASTIC CONE
-75°S, 132°E



Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the Earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth
And ever changing... like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

∞

Percy Byron Shelley, 1820

10.00 7.20 10.00 10.00 7.20 10.00 10.00 7.20 10.00

ORIENTALE BASIN
CALIBRATED DATA RECORD 17-551 08



Men who have worked together to reach the stars are not likely to descend together into the depths of war and desolation.

22

Lynne S. Johnson, 1959

S 37°56' -148°55.9' 430x470 -25% NODS

EJECTA BLANKET
CLEMENTINE MISSION [100 MPX]



I suppose we shall soon travel by air vessels,
make air instead of sea voyages, and at
length find our way to the Moon, in spite of
the want of atmosphere.

∞

Lord Byron, 1882

55747, 55748, 55749, 55750, 55751, 55752



另一个我 Another Me

TEN FILM PEOPLE TELL TWELVES HOW THEY WOULD
BREAK THE ICE WITH THEIR DUPLICATE OTHER.

MIKE CAHILL

If I met another me, I would observe for a while. I wouldn't say anything. I would watch.

*

BRIE MARLING

I would ask what moves her the most.

*

JOHN HURT

"Well, fancy meeting you here."

*

WOODY HARRELSON

Hey dude, you look like you could use a little rest."

*

SETH ROGEN

I'd punch him in the face and say, "If the Terminator films have taught me anything, it's, if you see a duplicate of yourself, they're there to replace you."

*

EMILY BROWNING

Why do you look so nervous?"

*

MICHAEL SHANNON

What's that thing in your belly?"

*

JOACHIM TRIER

Dude, can you please... please... please do all the press for me so I can go make another movie?"

*

MICHAEL FASSBENDER

"Do you know the number of a good psychiatrist?"

*

STEVE MCQUEEN

"Push it further."

55799 350-025 427-056 +294-2076

55800 353-525 426-033 +294-5205

F U Y
M T O
T H M
M O O N



W
O
R
D
S
B
Y
C
Y
R
U
S
S
H
A
R
A
D

NASA'S SHUTTLE MAY HAVE BEEN PUT OUT TO PASTURE, BUT THE SPACE RACE IS FAR FROM FINISHED. A NEW ERA OF PRIVATE SPACEFLIGHT IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD AND TWILIES IS GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



In June 2011, *The Economist* ran a headline that it claimed summed up a sense of international despair: "The End of the Space Age" was a withering obituary on what it saw as the moribund remains of space exploration. The Space Age, which would otherwise be in full session the following month, had been "Yawning but徒劳的," the *straight-faced* International Space Station [ISS] was the biggest waste of money, at \$100 billion and counting, that ever been built in the name of science.¹ China might still be talking about a moon mission to Mars sometime before 2050, but by the western powers of Israel, the laws of the cosmo had lost its lustre.

Such accusation rest on any number of factors: some believe that federal-sponsored space exploration is too bound up by bureaucratic red tape; others blame the proliferation of space travel or the enormous costs involved in sending men and women beyond Earth's atmosphere. But underneath it all lies a more serious claim — that the ancient hunger for exploring worlds beyond our own no longer exists.

It might be less than 40 years old, but John F. Kennedy's ringing speech about choosing to go to the moon ('we choose not to hope for knowledge and peace are there') is of another age entirely. Burying Cold War politics and the spread of science-fiction, the astronauts of the '60s and '70s were popular heroes, their achievements seeming to momentarily unify humanity as it searched for the stars.

No more. Instead, many believe that we've learned nothing in the subsequent decades but our own limitations; that we've blundered or the empty response surrounding Earth and nuclear home, tells between us logic, fulfilling a prophecy environmental in 1959 by Kurt Vonnegut's *The Sirens of Titan*, in which astronauts living "like apes" like apes found only "what had already been found in abundance on Earth" a rightness of interlockingness without end.

It's a view given short shrift at the California offices of Space Exploration Technologies Corp., or SpaceX, set up by PayPal co-founder Elon Musk in 2002 — the same year his online payment

provider was sold to Elbit for \$1.5 billion. In less than a decade, SpaceX has positioned itself as the favorite of a mix of private space exploration companies trying to both commercialize and develop contacts. In June 2010, it inked a \$142-million deal to deploy Indian telecommunications satellites with a Falcon rocket, and it will soon begin launching cargo missions to and from the ISS in Dragon spacecraft as part of a \$12-million, 10.6 billion contract with NASA. Ming says he left by the rather Shute. In the process, says SpaceX, at least, the end of the space age

"We're free-spirited opposite," says spokesman Brian Gershman. "It's the end-of-the-earth, but it's the necessary end of that era if we're going to move forward. NASA has always hired private companies to build its craft, the difference now is in contracting. We're looking to have a private partnership where we bring in private investment and free market principles. And when you bring in competition, that forces every company to compete on cost, reliability and safety and it may stop us from a race for Earth's orbit, but it's going to expand opportunities for space travel that we've never seen before."

The next issue is a political one. Despite the enormous sums being allotted directly by federal and commercial sources, Spacelab's success can't be guaranteed due to its ability to reduce costs. It has been the expense of space reduction, rather than technological limitations, that has stalled progress in the past. The Spacelab may be a billion dollars more powerful per unit currency than the competing supercomputers. In operation around the Moon, the amount of time needed to break out of the atmosphere depends on a fairly steady spending of efficiency. But for a major spending of efficiency, it has to be far more inexpensive in space travel.

Yet through a willingness to experiment with design and invest in new materials and fuels, space is managing to offer competitive air-space flights. Is forthcoming Falcon Heavy launcher expected to carry up to 53,000kg payloads for \$100 million per launch – one third the cost of a Delta IV rocket being sold by major competitor United Launch Alliance, a joint venture between Boeing and Lockheed Martin

Cheaper launches mean more missions; more missions mean mankind can progress faster and go further. Ultimately, however, all companies circle around a somewhat mythologized idea that a craft will

one day be entirely reusable, taking off, entering orbit and returning to Earth without having to jettison rocket stages en route. The Shuttle was only partially reusable (the solid rocket boosters could be reused after several months' refitting work, but the external tank was totally discarded). If it is completely reusable, quick turnaround craft were invented, it would revolutionise space travel. A fantastic idea, some think, but not to those at SpaceNet.

"That is our goal," says Broad-Graham. "Every time you turn up a socket in nearly the equivalent of having to lay a brand new \$200 million Boeing 747 each time you fly from Washington to London. Of course \$100 million doesn't help, perhaps only \$10,000 does it. Once we figure out a way of moving vehicles, we're looking about on a massive decrease in costs. Some people think it's impossible, but to us it's the holy grail of some measure."

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN HUMAN HISTORY THAT WE'VE HAD THE ABILITY TO LIVE ON OTHER PLANETS. WE NEED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

This isn't the whole story. There are those who would argue that SpaceX's hot-holylion is a far more fanciful idea than tasking private companies with deployment or supply missions to the ISS. SpaceX's commercial and federal work is largely a way of controlling research into the driving ambition that led Elon Musk to establish the company in the first place: the desire of colonizing other planets.

It's a classic free rider on the assumption that an evolutionary disaster of the type that eradicated the dinosaurs is a real threat — one that needs to be insured against by establishing human outposts on habitable planets. It's not some crackpot notion that SpaceX is trying to hide; the company has already signed up to facilitate a forthcoming unmanned NASA mission to Mars, the main aim of which is to explore the presence of microorganisms life and — say perhaps — its potential as a sustainable "reservoir" from Earth.

"The idea is that even if the odds are very small that something catastrophic could happen on this planet, we should prepare for that possibility," says Bruce Garrison. "We've gone from single to multi-culture life, from living in the water to living on land, but this is the first time in the history of

“more evolution that we’ve had the ability to live on other planets. And we need to take advantage of that before it’s too late.”

Mike is just one of a number of biologists trying to push the progress of human evolution by altering Earth's atmosphere and in doing so creating a better place in the history books for leading something other than money. Robert St. George, who opposed the pipeline with a chain of Baldwin Bees, has already launched two prototype operations through Bigelow Aerospace and has planned a working station in orbit as early as 2014. Jeff Bezos, founder of Amazon, has his own space exploration company, Blue Origin, which operates a separate website, boasts a media outlet and offers only occasional media briefings about the development of its orbital launch and lending New Shepard rocket program.

Avoid the partition of geographically paying, billion-dollar billionaires – affectionately known as “billionsites.” One voice is, as used, more vocal than most. In 2004, Richard Branson bought the design of SpaceShipOne, winner of the privately funded Ansari X Prize, which aimed to speed up technological developments by offering \$10 million to anyone successfully launching a craft into suborbital space and recovering it.

SpaceShipOne was designed by engineer Burt Rutan and funded (to the tune of considerably more than the price paid by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen) and comprised a small craft that launched from its White Knight mothership at an altitude of around 50,000ft (15,240m), before igniting its rocket and powering up to around 100,000ft (30,480m).

A space tourism arm of Branson's empire – newly named Virgin Galactic – is set to employ six-passenger, two-cosmonaut member vehicles called SpaceShipTwo, also designed by Burt, operating three-and-a-half-hour flights from its base at Mojave, Calif., of which only a



fraction is suborbital, and twenty-six minutes weightless from the Mojave Air and Space Port in California. Sciences drew attention to the environmental impact of regular rocket flights, not to mention the inherent dangers – the latter highlighted in 2007 when an explosion during ground testing killed three engineers – but nothing seems capable of deterring the tide of people prebooking \$200,000 flights with \$70,000 deposits.

It might sound like a lot of money, but it's a pittance compared to who else has paid in the past for the privilege of seeing the Earth from space. In 2001, American engineer Dennis Tito paid \$20 million to spend seven days on the ISS; he was followed by South African software mogul Mark Shuttleworth in 2002 and US entrepreneur Greg Olsen in 2004. Virgin Galactic, by comparison, has dreams of one day offering a steeply cheaper service to the general public, but BBC science correspondent Martin Reeskin remains dubious of it ever becoming a truly democratic way to travel:

"It's always going to take a huge amount of energy to get somebody into space," he says. "I imagine the cost will come down eventually – you might knock a zero off the price tag in 20 years' time, but it's still going to be comparable to the most expensive luxury sounds-of-the-world cruise you can imagine. I don't think Ryerson will be saving them."

Nor, as Reeskin points out, should potential customers lose sight of the fact that what they're buying is still only a suborbital flight – a revolving view of the Earth and a wonderful rush of weightlessness, but a short and bone-rattling experience that remains a long way from the fantastical voyages of interstellar flight.

If anything, suborbital space tourism is a glorified exploration of Earth's immediate atmosphere rather than a space odyssey in the conventional sense. And that's largely in keeping with the current shift in how we as humans 'use' space, which is now seen less as Vanyevets' vacuum of 'meaninglessness without end' and more as a near-Earth resource richer than any oil field, teeming with satellites that control everything from televisions and credit card transactions to phones, farms and weapons of modern warfare.

"The shift has been from exploring space for space sake to using space for achieving X, Y or Z," says Ben Bassey-Weller, one of a new generation of 'space lawyers' and head of the Emerging Hi-Tech Threats to Global Stability Programme at the UK's Foresight. "We're standing at the end of the era of spearheading space exploration and we're talking about the application of space, about how best to use it for our various ends. And as more and more nations get involved – more than 60 states now operate their own satellite systems and more than 190 countries rely on space services in some way – the more important it becomes to make sure that their aims are likely to create a secure space environment for the long term."

The likes of Bassey-Weller have been instrumental in championing the emerging field of space regulation – defining the legal responsibilities surrounding everything from the creation of space debris to the weaponisation of space, all issues with huge potential importance in mitigating future disasters, but which seem to take us ever further from the heroes of the golden age of space travel. To which end, it seems, *The Economist* may have had a point. Inner space, it claimed, was useful, outer space was history.

Or perhaps not. Even in the comparatively workmanlike task of taking tourists into suborbital space on Virgin Galactic flights, the brilliant engineers and buxom biformers who themselves grew up with movies pressed to their black-and-white television screens hope to relegate dreams of space travel to a new generation of potential astronauts, putting mankind's postlunar evolution back on track and the hunger for exploring other worlds back to its feet.

"We stand at a very big chance of losing our ability to inspire our youth," said an impassioned Bill Gates at a TED talk in 2007. "I feel very strongly that it's not good enough for us to have generations of kids that think it's okay to look forward to a better version of a cellphone with a video in it. They need to look forward to exploration. They need to look forward to colonization. They need to look forward to breakthroughs. We need to inspire them, because they need to lead us and help us survive in the future." 



"British drama at its best"
Bout de Film

Junkhearts

Eddie Marsan

Romola Garai

Tom Sturridge

John Boyega

Candace Reid

15

Not suitable for children under 15



"Eddie Marsan gives a brilliant performance"
Total Film

Directed by
Bafta Winner
Tinge Krishnan

In cinemas from 4th November, Junkhearts tours around the UK with director Tinge Krishnan

29 Oct, private at Picturehouse London
0871 982 3991 | ourcinemasnow.com

8 Nov, Ultimate Picture Palace Oxford with Q&A

01865 245 200 | ultimatepicturepalace.co.uk

19 Nov, Watershed, Bristol with Q&A

0117 927 5100 | watershed.co.uk

22 Nov, Camerhouse, Manchester with Q&A

0161 200 1500 | camerhouse.org

27 Nov, Picturehouse, York with Q&A
0871 982 5226 | picturehouses.co.uk

07 Dec, Picturehouse, Greenwich with Q&A

0871 982 5332 | picturehouse.co.uk

09 Dec, Eden Court Theatre, Inverness

01463 258204 | eden-court.co.uk

10 Jan, Glasgow Film Theatre with Q&A

0141 302 6525 | glasgowfilm.org

For more venue dates and to follow Tinge's journey and read her blog diary visit www.nbcq.co.uk

Subscribe to our weekly newsletter
and all these reviews will be delivered
to your inbox in the week of release,
along with those we couldn't squeeze
into the mag. Read, watch them here
at LittleWhiteLie.com.uk and share
your thoughts online. Still want
more? Download the LWLies app for
a complete archive of film reviews
and column screening info.





The Future

Directed by *Miranda July*

Starring *Miranda July, Hannah Landesky, David Wurthofsky*

Released November 4

There's no point sitting back and letting *Miranda July's* second feature,

The Future, wash over you. Like her protagonist Jason, you must step into, part the sea and walk through its stoned streets. Because over the course of 90 minutes, July creates an environment, like an art installation, that you can explore and experience. But you must work for it.

Stories and themes that tackle love, commitment and the formidable 'what next?' appear and disappear like clouds over a labyrinth of found objects, lost treasures and discarded junk. Search them out and you can find your own meanings among the dreams. As with her performance art and video experiments, July wants you to step inside the action. You are the actor in your life, she suggests, not a passive spectator.

The LA-based couple at the centre of *The Future*, Sophie and Jason (played by July and Hannah Landesky), are struggling to take control of their own mundane lives. With dead-end jobs, thwarted ambitions and unpredictable melancholia, their days are kind of long. So they decide to rescue a stray cat, which they can collect in a month. Knowing this will be their last moon-orbit of freedom, they quit their jobs and try to reduce their paths door-to-door

actions for Jason, and 3D YouTube dances in 30 days for Sophie.

But their rebellion is short-lived and they soon fall back into society's base affect more weakly than before. Sophie has an affair with suburban dad Marshall (David Wurthofsky), and Jason befriends an old man who sells cheap household items in a free-offs newspaper.

All of the characters in *The Future* are outsiders yearning to come in, and July juxtaposes them with their environments to highlight this discord. We meet the may cat Poo-Poo who sits in a cage, croakily voice (July's own) in hedges in the recent sunset, dreaming of never spending another night in the cold. Then there's Marshall's daughter, who hates herself sticking to the smooth guitar. And Sophie herself, standing awkwardly outside Marshall's house, waiting her nights in the morning. These characters don't fit this world and in these scenes they stand out, like costumes in bell jars, reflecting in the sunlight or

The Future is a coming-of-middle-age comedy for Slacker kids in three dimensions, those Gen X misfits who grew up without many prospects and are now facing the next stage of their lives with earnestness.

It would be easy to hate this film. *Days of July's* directorial debut, the 2005 *Carmen d'Or*-winning *Me and You and Everyone We Know*, will be familiar with her eclectic, über-cool and sometimes pretentious style—but it's much more of a challenge to understand it. You never know among all the otherworldly references (talking moors, little hippos, old Christmas cards, Escher paintings and gnarly eyes) you may just discern some home truths. *Shelley Jones*

Anticipation. Cinema's indie darling is back with another offbeat rom-com for disconnected old souls.

Enjoyment. Long silences, muted colours and monsey-eyed existentialism provide the backdrop for your own thought-making.

In Retrospect. A piggyback self-aware dig at the emptiness of some modern lifestyles that will make you inventory your own

4

3

4

Philip Seymour Hoffman

Plain Sailing

Interview by Adam Woodward

"I'm a theater guy. I got into acting because I wanted to be on stage," admits a reflective Philip Seymour Hoffman. "I always saw myself as something I needed to do, I guess, but I didn't really know how you get into that. Really, I'm best known as a movie star because that's what's gotten the higher profile, but the desire is where my heart is. Like just kind of happened."

Dividing his standing as one of cinema's most well-respected dramatic actors allows Hoffman to maintain focus. His steady rise to prominence over the past two decades has been forged by a tireless work ethic. Before hitting a handful of supporting roles in the early '90s, Hoffman was busy visiting Off-Broadway stages following his graduation from New York's High School of the Arts in 1989.

Now Hoffman has combined his passions, adapting a play for his directorial debut. Originally produced by the LABYRINTH Theater Company (where Hoffman was co-artistic director for more than a decade) and from the pen of playwright Robert Glazebrook, *Jack Goats Boating* marks both a natural progression and a fresh challenge for the self-taught East Coaster.

But what was it about this offbeat urban comedy that prompted Hoffman to adopt it for his first foray into the unforgiving world of feature filmmaking? "When we were adapting the play, everyone would always comment on how雌雄同体 it felt. So we thought it would be a great thing to do," he says. "It felt like a logical extension of what we'd been doing for a long time. So we kept going down that path and collaborating and working on the film as we had done the play. That's really how it came about; it wasn't something that I'd been searching for or that I made happen."

"There's an anecdotal manner about the way Hoffman describes how he brought the project from page to screen, and how the role of director found him. Yet his evolution from actor to director can't be attributed to chance. Since joining LABYRINTH in the mid-'90s, Hoffman has starred in and directed a number of critically acclaimed productions, including *The Seagull*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Blot* and *Pygmalion*, which he toured from Sydney to London and back.

He's gruff and picked up a clutch of awards along the way, including a Best Actor Oscar and two Tonys. "Making films is something that's been in the back of my mind for many years," he says, "but I guess it's taken me a while to realize that ambition because it's a really risky thing. I had a hard time with it, but I've got to give some thanks and gratitude to the other actors because they really did such good work and that really helped me out. I would just be there, perhaps. 'C'est'! Although I was helping them as a director, when I had to act they really helped me out and guided me when I needed it."

As Hoffman asserts, *Jack Goats Boating* is not a one-man passion project. Alongside his all-the-way man LABYRINTH co-founder John Oru, who not only plays Jack's best friend and colleague in the film but, having worked closely with Hoffman for the past 15 years, provided "a solid base" on which to develop the plot and characters, "you think you're going to follow this one relationship — Connie and Judy — and then you slowly realize the relationship you're following is the one that united the movie the two men. In that respect, it was really important for me to be able to rely on John and have someone giving their input into the direction of the characters' relationships."

"You begin with them and you end with them," he concludes. "It's a really nice development and it's where a lot of the sadness lies. It should be called *Jack and Gail*, to be honest with you."

Select Filmography
Philip Seymour Hoffman

<i>Jack Goats Boating</i>	(2000)
<i>Bonfire</i>	(2000)
<i>Syndrome, New York</i>	(2000)
<i>Charlie Wilson's War</i>	(2007)
<i>Before the Devil Knows You're Dead</i>	(2007)
<i>Mission: Impossible III</i>	(2006)
<i>Capote</i>	(2005)
<i>Cold Mountain</i>	(2003)
<i>Punch-Drunk Love</i>	(2002)
<i>Magnolia</i>	(1999)
<i>The Big Lebowski</i>	(1998)
<i>Boogie Nights</i>	(1997)
<i>Hard Eight</i>	(1996)
<i>Scenes of a Woman</i>	(1993)

That Hoffman prior sustained collaboration proves as no surprise. After all, his acquaintances with one of the most fruitful artistic relationships in modern cinematic history. Since 1996 casino capper *Heat* Kyle, Hoffman has played major parts in all but one of Paul Thomas Anderson's five features — the exception being 2007's *There Will Be Blood*. Now, after a nine-decadelong break, Hoffman and Anderson are back together filming *The Master*, a 1950s-set drama about a charismatic preacher whose new faith takes America by storm.

Although uncharacteristically unable to comment on the film itself, Hoffman reveals that reuniting with Anderson is likely to bring some tension as his gestalt as a director. "Working with Paul is always special and I consider myself very lucky to be doing so again. Obviously it's hard not to be influenced by someone as skilled and proficient at what they do, so I'll probably take more away from their process than I might have done before I started directing. It's been a while since we've worked together, although we talk from time to time and I think right now is an interesting point in both of our careers."

But while *The Master* is still in the early stages of production, audiences may have to wait even longer for Hoffman's next directorial venture. "I definitely want to direct another film some time but I don't know when that will be. I'm more immediately interested in directing more plays, and acting still takes up the majority of my time, especially film, because you're often away on a shoot for weeks at a time and that can be pretty disruptive," he says. "I think it'll be at least a year before I direct anything again, but after that I will direct a movie again because I had a lot of fun doing that and there's a lot more I want to achieve as a director."

Check out the full transcript online now.



Jack Goes Boating

Directed by *Philip Seymour Hoffman*
Starring *Philip Seymour Hoffman, Amy Ryan, John Ortiz*
Released November 4

side shop? Philip Seymour Hoffman's performance in this well-intended but star-festooned漫游 through a step New York's dysfunctional daily grind. Hoffman is Jack, a fortyomething blue-collar omega male looking for a sentence to fit the void in his stagnant life. Enter moneybag virgin Connie (Amy Ryan), who takes a shot to Jack after a fumbled blind date set up by mutual pals Clyde (John Ortiz) and Lucy (Ephraim Robins-Vega). After watching the drama of their mismatched labour begin to bloom, Clyde and Lucy are forced to acknowledge the faults in their own domestic set-up. He doesn't trust her, she doesn't respect him. Their marriage is a mess.

While watching his best (indeed, only) friend's relationship unravel, Jack relishes the newfound motivation for self-improvement that comes with finding that special someone. He learns to cook

toking culinary tips from Lucy's former price on the sole—and agrees to let Clyde help him find his water wings ahead of a sailing date with Connie. With the rhythmic lilt of his favorite reggae track, The Matadans' 'Raven of Babylon' (quack mang +10), stuck on infinite repeat, Jack systematically moulds himself into a better man

As well as being refreshingly unpretentious, these sequences mark Jack as yet another overachieved drab-and-ridiculous obsessed with remaking the plights of the everyday. As it turns, independent cinema has the ability to provoke thoughts and stir emotions in a manner often beyond the grasp of the mainstream. This isn't about it as such, but haters of pretentious showmanship down, however union, usually won't be swayed.

Hoffman the director is never out of his depth, but it's disconcerting just how laboriously he wades through the plot. Having faithfully translated the story from its original stage incarnation, Hoffman, Ortiz and Robins-Vega all reprise their roles. Their late evidence of any character naming Hoffman the actor, meanwhile, is on tap form, although Jack is by some stretch the most sensible, engaging protagonist in this ensemble of misfits and self-pitying spouses.

Most surprisingly, it's Amy Ryan, the outsize sex in the pack, who makes the strongest impact. Admittedly, there's not a great deal for her to work with, but she's practically unrecognisable from the powerhouse actress who stole *Grey Gardens* and sparred with Hoffman

in *Caption* and *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*. She may pull off middle-class well enough, but her talents aren't stretching with a bit more oomph. Instead, it's left to Ortiz the dancer Tom McCandy to give proceedings a shot of slyness, popping up in a cracking supporting turn as DeBob. Coonie and Lucy's story gets a quick scheming bon.

Had Hoffman taken a more direct cut from McCarthy's deadpan, observational style of despairing situation comedy, *Jack Goes Boating* might have been worth shouting about. Still, with Paul's *Moscow!* on the month, and PDA's *The Master* on the horizon, you can bet it won't be long before we're back singing Hoffman's praises. **Adam Hoodward**

Anticipation. PBS adds 8:30 to its CT

Engagement. Sincere but formulaic indie warmer

In Retrospect. Take Jack's lead and give that one a miss



Straw Dogs

Directed by **Red Luria**

Starring **James Marsden, Kate Bosworth, Alexander Skarsgård**

Released November 4

Controversial, nasty and fascinating, Sam Peckinpah's landmark 1971 rape'n'revenge thriller was all the things this energetic Hollywood remake isn't. But writer/director Red Luria's modern update is still something of a surprise.

Fifty years ago, Darren Hoffman was the dorky American mathematician who takes his young English wife, Scott, back to her native Cornwall farmhouse, where they enlisted their son to spy on her un-hospitalized and law-abiding parents.

Why now artfully crafted than you'd expect, Luria's remake carefully follows the path of the original while adding a few ideas of its own. Switching Cornwall for the Deep South, Mississippi, it's also propped up by a strong cast upping their game dominantly: James Marsden plays David, an antisocial LA drummer; Kate Bosworth is Amy, his TV-savvy wife. And Alexander Skarsgård is good 'ol boy Charlie, the town's ex-punk and Amy's former high-school beau.

Humid, hush and oppressive, Luria evocatively captures the look and feel of small-town America and makes gloriously measured work of bringing violence to the boil. David immediately rates the names the wrong way by arriving in a Jaguer and

trying to buy a light beer with a credit card. At home, he enters to Bedfellow, works on a screenplay about Stalingrad (tribal), keeps fit by skipping rope and does nothing to stop Charlie and his boys tearing at his neglected wife as the jogs around in microskirt shorts and no bra.

But Luria, a former-film critic-turned-filmmaker, can't find a convincing final doorway into the film's climactic orgy of violence. Amy's double-life (nursery school) by critics, censors and feminists – remains essentially unacceptable, but at least the terrible ambiguity of Peckinpah's version.

More crucially, David's psychological arc finally mornings-up by sinking down into primal frenzy – just doesn't shift convincingly. One minute he's listening to Beethoven. Next minute he's grabbing a nail gun, a baseball, two pots of boiling oil and smashing a man's head to a pulp to defend his home.

The off-into-macho bloodlust by hand and at the whole point of the film, illustrating the savage mental that still couches in the most civilized modern man. Violence and giddiness as it often is, however, Luria's version fails to show how David 'wants' but loses everything he stands for in the process, leaving you wondering just what the whole film actually has to say to us all!

Then again, the fact that nothing in *Straw Dogs* quite shock like it needs to perhaps says more about our coding for screen carnage than it does about Luria's film. Even if it's less provocative than the original, the dazing of the cut and the edges of the themes make this much more interesting than most studio films. The charming *Strangled*, in particular, has a character with new, deeper shades.

There was a danger that a Hollywood remake of *Straw Dogs* could've been a simple, situation-exploitative exercise (see last year's *I Spit on Your Grave*). At the very least, Luria's effort emerges as something much more serious than it might have been. **Jonathon Croucher**

Anticipation. Controversial
#2 or Landmark redefined
by Hollywood film

Engagement. Uproar but
astounding and much, much
badder than expected

In Retrospect. Marsden,
Bosworth and Skarsgård are
superb. But what was the point?

2

3

3

This Our Still Life

Directed by Andrew Kötting
Starring Andrew Kötting,
Keila McMillan, Eden Rountree
Released November 26



Evoking a sense of desolation - now collocated in a beautiful book - *This Our Still Life* offers a beguiling and expansive portrait of 'Kloof', the remote sun-baked Pyrenees hideaway that filmmaker Andrew Kötting shares with his partner Keila McMillan and their daughter Eden (the 'sun' of the director's first feature, surreal French road movie *Gallows*). A family of artists for whom creativity flows like blood, life in this part-time rural idyll is elemental, rudimentary, fun and intense.

Placed over a 26-year period on a Nitro Super 8 and a pristine Samsung digital camera with incidental music from either the radio or Eden's own CD collection (music composed by Stevie Wonder also features), the film explores notions of nostalgia, memory, isolation and love in a often wrenching though not the measure of the Kötting family's everyday lives.

Romantic from season to season, the film also depicts the passage of time and the surrounding

elements, including the local wildlife that encroaches, sometimes threateningly so, on the Kötting's domesticity. Continuing the director's playful and experimental approach to the representation of sound and image, *This Our Still Life* uses cut-ups and sound bytes to ensure that the portraiture slows down and creates aphoristic narratives, refining the easy categorisation of biography or documentary.

Spurred into editing the wealth of material following a Christmas 2006 viewing of Sam Rockwell's *Big Momma's House*, Kötting describes his most recent venture as being about "who we are and what we do". Influenced by the director's belief in *The Moon and the Madgacenner* and by Gideon Roppel's more recent *Skip Faraway*, the film continues the interest in landscape, family and experience that have driven *Gallows*, *The Fisher King*, *Invictus* and the director's numerous other non-fictional forays into the author regions of the moving image. This is a refreshingly

and ultimately profoundly moving and affecting work. Viewing it is very strongly recommended, whether you're already part of Kötting's select set, or you're far-clue or not. **James Wood**

Anticipation: A new film from one of the brightest under-heard voices in contemporary British cinema

4

Enjoyment: A unique and astonishing portrait of people and place

4

In Retrospect: Intriguing, innovative and undoubtedly one of the director's very finest creations. This is a film to cherish

4

Machine Gun Preacher

Directed by Marc Forster
Starring Gerard Butler,
Michelle Monaghan,
Michael Shannon
Released November 2



Won't somebody please think of the children? isn't *Machine Gun Preacher*'s tagline, but considering the film's cripplingly lack of nuance or narrative, something that malodorous would have been easily fatal.

Not that an depiction of a war-torn East Africa, where children are the ones who bear the bloody brunt of warped Joseph Kony's sadistic political campaign, is something to be ridiculed. The war in northern Uganda is a topic worthy of in-depth scrutiny and *Preacher* intelligently finds as way via the true story of Sam Childers.

Going from leather-cut-wearing drifter to born again Christian, Childers (Gerard Butler) embraces his faith and answers a call for help from Uganda, where he gets caught up in the troubles. Posing with Children with knowing emotion, Butler is tragic. He's an unlikely hero whose addictive personality has him drugging with the same frayed energy that fuelled his boozey benders.

But by focusing so intently on Childers, director Marc Forster does his film a disservice. That's especially apparent in the casting of Michelle Monaghan and Michael Shannon (as Childers' wife and buddy respectively), who are given loads of intriguing subplots that never have a chance to

germinate. Meanwhile, less involving characters get more screen time - including a wee little boy who's pure duff.

All that could have been forgone if *Preacher*'s Uganda segments packed enough wallop. But as the real victims of that conflict emerge in their bloody menses - those defenceless children - Forster all but haemorrhages his scenes home with a smattering. Repeatedly. *Machine Gun Preacher* essentially rambles into unforgivably prosaic territory before the film's final act buckles under the considerable weight of those hard-hitting images. **Josh Whaling**

Anticipation: Past buzz hasn't been great, but Butler looks on good form

3

Enjoyment: Lacking entirely in subtlety, *Preacher* tries on all cylinders and quickly burns itself out

2

In Retrospect: Dovely prosaic and overly long. Chalk it as a missed opportunity

2

The Awakening

Directed by Nick Murphy
Starring Rebecca Hall,
Dominic West, Emily Mortimer
Released November 11



"**T**his is a time for ghosts," states the one that opens Nick Murphy's *The Awakening*. This one is 1921. We and everyone here have lost millions and left survivors haunted. The text we clutched (complete with authentically-referential) from the book *Song Through Glass* by one Florence Cuthcar, who will turn out to be the film's protagonist. And so *The Awakening* has already begun the strange dance of fact and fiction that will later consume us at a surreal boarding school where amnesiac boyish priests and winged lights eternal drifts about trunks, gauk and lions are allowed to peek through.

We first meet Florence (Rebecca Hall), engaged in her own misgivings, waiting for a London audience to debut her proceedings. We as the captives the fraudulent spiritualist's bag of tricks with all the liberating assurance of a ghostbusting Sherlock Holmes; the regisseur also reveals

a truth about the human need to believe.

Florence sits on a new case at a Cumbrian school and is to be haunted by the ghost of a boy murdered there decades earlier, and more recently the name of another boy's death. Armed with scientific apparatus and her own deductive powers, she quickly sees through the ghosts to a more rational explanation. But then, after the schoolboys have headed home for Christmas, she says on, alone but for war-scarred schoolmaster Robert Mullery (Dominic West), enigmatic Missy (Emily Mortimer), vacation border Tom (Brett Harpster-Wright) and wistful teacher Jude (Joseph Mawle). Strange that these are others, too, lurking in these corridors, if only Florence could see what is before her eyes.

Everything about this classic ghost story is assured, from the performances to the period

décor, from the time-layered locations to the blanched-out palette - all held together by an exquisitely crafted screenplay that carefully sets up mystery twists while resolving a haunting ambiguity to the end. **Anton Hivert**

Anticipation: These days (non-Spanish) ghost stories invoke suspense. **3**

Enjoyment: "Don't look away. You wouldn't look away." **4**

In Retrospect: An elegantly constructed masterpiece, but an hauntingly tedious page turn. **4**

The British Guide to Showing Off

Directed by Joe Bassett
Starring Brian Eno,
Andrew Lagan, Richard O'Brien
Released November 11



Perhaps the most staggering moment in Joe Bassett's kitchy poetic of the Alternative Miss World pageant is an amateur art spectacle of chaotic counter-culture and cross-dressing devised by atrie Andrew Lagan comes in its closing movement, as a young Nigeria approaches the podium. Dismayed for missing the point ("She rang up saying she wanted to represent Nigeria. I said you don't do that"), Miss Nigeria nevertheless arrives a young man with scars on his body from persecution in his homeland. After performing, he's singled out backstage, told that he was "fabulous," and responds with a wet-eyed beam of gratitude.

It's a testament to Bassett's directorial tact, that has managed to express the impressively benevolent heart of his subject, while keeping much of social commentary a pleasant mystery.

Conceived by Logan in 1972 and running intermittently ever since, the pageant functions as an open-stage ballroom drag spectacular, sometimes honoring the survival-of-the-fittest body politic of the original Miss World, sometimes seeking for pure, pleasurable trashy.

Contributors and firms include Derek Jarman (one-time winner of the crown as Miss Congo Sausage), Brian Eno and David Bowie. Bassett's film means the 2009 pageant from organization to fraction, blending showbiz fest with archive film, offstage bloopers (including Enya and Jensen) and phoning Gilmore-esque annotation that echoes the hand-painted aesthetic of the pageant.

Out-of-the-show Logan is described variously as an Egyptian high priest and a naughty sonor, and appears to be an unsung national treasure.

a man who regretted Andy Warhol's advice on how to achieve commercial success, and a throwback to '70s subculture still polarly offering a fulfilling space for his peers to pool off their layers of sexual conservatism and widow in cultish union. If the event is a freakshow in chittering in Bassett's film, it deserves to move just a little closer to the masterminder's mirth. **Christopher Neill**

Anticipation: Outlander set dress up! So thank you, darling. **2**

Enjoyment: Oh, go on then. **4**

In Retrospect: How absolutely bloody marvellous. **4**

tiff.
TORONTO
INTERNATIONAL
FILM FESTIVAL
OFFICIAL SELECTION 2022



"An astonishing-looking adaptation"
Helen O'Kane, *Entertainment Weekly*

"An extraordinary achievement"

**"Raw and affecting
...extraordinarily
moving"**

Author: [Sally Johnson](#)

**"A beautiful
beast of a movie"**

LOVE IS
A FORCE
OF NATURE

From Andrea Arnold, the visionary director of 'Fish Tank' and 'Red Road'

KAYA SCODELARIO JAMES HOWSON INTRODUCING SOLOMON GLAVE & SHANNON BEER

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY EMILY BRONTE

An Artificial Eye Release

artificial-eye.com

IN CINEMAS NOVEMBER 11



The Deep Blue Sea

Directed by Terence Davies

Starring Rachel Weisz, Simon Russell Beale, Tom Hiddleston

Released November 25

The return to film-making of Terence Davies always gives cause for celebration. A figure responsible for some of the finest works in post-war British cinema, Davies' films are remarkable for their sympathetic structure and meticulous sense of composition and attention to detail. Physical and emotional endurance, drama, restrictive family ties and the destructive effects of religion and other dogmas are recurring thematic concerns in all these regards. *The Deep Blue Sea*, a classic Davies comedy and a potent reminder of why he is a director to cherish.

Hester Collyer (Rachel Weisz) leads a privileged life in 1950s London. The beautiful wife of a pensioner but doing high-court judge Sir Wilson Collyer (Simon Russell Beale), Hester is in a married state at least – want the nothing. To the shock and dismay of those around her, however, Hester walks out on her marriage and life of luxury to move in with a dashing young ex-RAF pilot, Freddie Page (Tom Hiddleston). Finding herself emotionally stranded and physically isolated, Hester finds Freddie drifting away from her and in an bid to win him back attempts suicide. Succeeding only in maiming herself further, Hester is forced to confront all too bitterly the futility of the human heart.

Named after the dilemmas of having to make the choice between two equally undesirable situations, *The Deep Blue Sea* is adapted by Davies from Tennessee Williams's acclaimed play, which initially shocked British theatregoers with its frank exposure of natural attractions about sex and class. An uncompromising study of the fear of loneliness and the frustratingly unreliable nature of love, the play is now considered Williams's crowning achievement.

In the hands of Davies – whose adaptation was endorsed by the Williams estate in the centenary year of the dramatist's birth – the story of a destructive love triangle who reflects the state of early 1950s Britain, a country in the thralls of post-war rationing, whose sense of power, worth, wealth and identity has been eroded.

Post-war Britain has been very much a small and receding setting for Davies, and here, with an insightful and perceptive emphasis on the position of women in the patriarchal 1950s, there's a clear lineage with 1988's autobiographical landmark *Diamonds Are Forever*.

Stripping away much of Williams's exposition and many of the unnecessary characters that plagued the original production, Davies, a seductively aficionado of the melodrama, gives contemporary audiences an almost unbearably

moving and endlessly non-judgmental story about women's love and desire. By extension, the film also looks in a wider sense at the quest for frequently frustration or at best fleeting – for individual fulfillment and freedom.

Handsomely designed (the sets and costumes are impeccable) and sumptuously shot by DP Florian Hoffmayer, *The Deep Blue Sea* is also characteristic of Davies' concern at making exceptional and resonant use of music. A soaring brass band, Samuel Barber's "Violin Concerto" gently underscores the emotions and, alongside the terrific and incredibly subtle performances of Rachel Weisz, is one of the film's fundamental and most essential components. **JASON WOOD**

Anticipation. Terence Davies adapts Tennessee Williams. Oh yes

5

Enjoyment. Beautifully written...realised and performed

4

In Retrospect. Deceptive in its depth of emotion, this is dimensioning of the highest order

4

ADRIANO LUZ

MARIA JOÃO BASTOS

RICARDO PEREIRA

CLOTILDE HESME

AFONSO PIMENTEL

LÉA SEYDOUX

"THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF A GREAT DIRECTOR'S CAREER."

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL 2010

"AN EPIC ENTERTAINMENT...
RUIZ'S MOST AMBITIOUS
WORK SINCE PROUST'S
TIME REGAINED."

Jonathan Romney, SIGHT AND SOUND

"YOU WON'T SEE A MORE
BRILLIANT PIECE OF FILM
MAKING THIS YEAR...
RAVISHING"

John Powers, VOGUE

12 TBC



"GLORIOUS...
ONE OF THE FIRST CINEMATIC
MASTERPIECES OF THIS CENTURY"
Terry Ihaleakala, FILM COMMENT

PAULO BRANCO presents

MYSTERIES of LISBON

A film by RAÚL RUIZ

"A BREATHLESS NARRATIVE OF PASSION,
JEALOUSY AND INTRIGUE..."

Nick James, SIGHT AND SOUND

"HEAD-SPINNING... RIVETING...
KEEPS THE VIEWER GLUED TO THE SCREEN."

Rob Nelson, VARIETY

IN CINEMAS 9 DECEMBER

A New Wave Films release



www.newwavefilms.co.uk

Michael Shannon

Perfect Storm

Interview by Adam Woodward

Michael Shannon doesn't do straight. That somber demeanor and those big, fierce eyes hardly seem "everyman." In the latter half of the last decade, it's Shannon's raw understated intensity and ability to take himself (and the audience) to a darker place bleakly quick that's seen him line his mantle with numerous awards and plaudits.

Yet while he's made his name playing men used on power (*The Assassins*, revenge (*Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*) and just plain mad (*Dog! My Dog! My Son, What Have Ye Done!*), Shannon isn't about to let any talent sit. "I look for variety, which is probably surprising to hear for some people, because I know some folks think I tend to play the same characters a lot of the time," he says. "But for me, variety is really key. Even if you think all I do is play crazy people, my response would be, 'There's a lot of different types of crazy.'"

"*Craig's*" *Tale Shaker* takes the form of Castle LaRocha. He's a hard-working blue-collar family man whose world revolves around his charming wife and can't-wait-a-year daughter. He's also suffering from a traumatic, hallucination-inducing mental breakdown. If this is Shannon doing straight, it comes with a side edge.

It's a role you imagine would be hard to shake off once the final spot of *30 Years* had been used up and the set packed down, such is the potency of *Castile's* affliction. But taking on the kinds of roles most actors would shy away from is precisely what sets Shannon apart. "I tend to be drawn to characters that are struggling, really fighting for something," he says. "That's got to be an epic struggle, nothing too casual."

Shannon is in Vancouver, putting his teeth into a different kind of crazy when *Entertainment Weekly* bows his tent to shoot the feature. He's on a break from filming *Man of Steel*, Zack Snyder's megabucks Superman reboot in which Shannon will be seen sparing with Henry Cavill's Kryptonian hero as General Zod. It's a jolky namesake role Shannon says he's relishing, one he admires

was "impossible" to turn down. "He's not a stereotypical villain," explains Shannon. "He doesn't breathe fire or have horns coming out of his skull. He's a general, in the same way that General Patton and General Grant were generals — that's what he is. He's a little more complicated than just a villain."

Despite his enthusiasm for *Man of Steel*, you get the impression that Shannon isn't exactly smitten with the whole blockbuster machine. Doing things on a more personal scale is much more his style. Which brings us back on topic: *Tale Shaker* is Shannon's second film in four years with writer/director Jeff Nichols — the first being 2007's *Songs from a Distant Star*, a dark, minimalist drama about finding half-brothers in rural Arkansas and it provided him with perhaps his most intense role yet.

The pair met back in 2004, not long after Shannon had completed an off-Broadway run of *Dog*. "Jeff was just getting out of film school and didn't have a lot of money," recalls Shannon. "He approached me with *Songs from a Distant Star* and very since way, I read it and I thought it was one of the most brilliant screenplays I'd ever read in my life and said 'I do it, no matter what the circumstances.' I basically did it for free. I put everything he had into making it. I think he spent around three years editing it before he eventually got it out there. Afterwards, Jeff became very anxious about what his next move would be."

Both *Songs from a Distant Star* and *Tale Shaker* are about family, about the trials of growing old and the general bond of childhood. It's the latter, though, that was most deeply informed by events in the lives of its star and director. "As well as having anxiety about his future careerwise, Jeff was about to be a father for the first time," explains Shannon. "He was starting a family and I was starting a family — I just already had my first child with my girlfriend." The synchronicity doesn't end there. "And you know that *Castile's* father passed away and my father passed away

Select Filmography Michael Shannon

<i>Take Shelter</i> (2011)
<i>The Runaways</i> (2010)
<i>My Son, My Son, What Have Ye Done</i> (2008)
<i>Bad Lieutenant</i> (2009)
<i>Revolutionary Road</i> (2008)
<i>Before the Devil Knows You're Dead</i> (2005)
<i>Songs from a Distant Star</i> (2007)
<i>Bug</i> (2006)
<i>Bad Boys II</i> (2003)
<i>8 Mile</i> (2002)
<i>Vanilla Sky</i> (2001)
<i>Pearl Harbor</i> (2001)
<i>Tigerland</i> (1999)

already, too. It's kinda spooky that it happened that way, but I think it shows that the process of the film arose from us both dealing with these very different concerns."

A perfect mix of conflicting emotions gives *Castile's* "badass" added resonance. Ultimately, *Tale Shaker* is about more than parental adoration — it's a film that explores the way we deal with everyday setbacks, how oft at all we act about re-piecing ourselves after being shattered by life's cruel, unpredictable blows. As Shannon continues, "Even with the people you love it can be hard to share yourself completely, because we all keep things bottled up, even from the people closest to us. But I think it's important that we keep some things in our hands. Things can live in your subconscious, these little seeds of something like *Castile* is experiencing. They may lay dormant for years, or even decades, and then all of a sudden they get a little nudge on them and they start growing."

Whether under the wing of a relative newcomer like Nichols or someone as seasoned as Werner Herzog (in *Worms* in 2009 for *My Son, My Son and Bad Lieutenant*), Shannon states that he often finds himself profusely influenced by a director's energy. His people may have been inspired by his Oscar-nominated supporting role in 2007's *Revolutionary Road* and more recently in 2010's broadly acclaimed *Boardwalk Empire*, but Shannon still clearly chooses passion projects — a point supported by the fact he's about to start filming *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*'s 2013-shoot third feature.

Shannon acknowledges his urge to "translate" himself in order to meet a director's vision, even going so far as tailoring his accent to fit his location. It's a reach he finds difficult to turn off. "Even when I'm translating I'm not myself anymore. I'll come to London and find myself speaking in a British accent all of a sudden, which is ridiculous. It's in my DNA, I guess."

Check out the full transcript online at the back of the film's release.



Take Shelter

Directed by Jeff Nichols

Starring Michael Shannon, Jessica Chastain, Shia LaBeouf

Released November 25

If the measures of a man were determined by his domestic tests, Gamin LaFerche (Michael Shannon) would be rubber-stamped "ordinary". In small-town Ozark, he toils shift at a local drilling firm, bringing home enough bread to keep his wife Sissy (Jessica Chastain) and young daughter Beulah (Joey King) clothed and fed. It's a modest existence, but they are by They're content. Happy.

But a storm is gathering in the distance. Dark storms and blackened heavens become regular sightings in Gamin's daily routine. Worryingly, he seems to be the sole observer of these ominous phenomena. He's about to descend into a personal nightmare that will splatter his white-painted ideal with the sudden impact of a lightning bolt.

On the surface, *Take Shelter* finds Shannon occupying a familiar landscape. But as *Shutter Island* (Shannon and screenwriter Jeff Nichols' 2010 collaboration) proved, first impressions can deceive. Beulah although Gamin is a man with biblical moral devotion to battle, the schizophrenia that consumes him comes from an ambiguous seed.

Like *Shutter Island*, we learn that Gamin's father has not long passed away and the

additional absence of his older brother has thrust him into the parental spotlight. For the first time, he's aware of his own mortality and the weight of his responsibilities. Then, much later, we meet his mother, a shell-like victim of bipolarity. Is Gamin prey to apocalyptic premonitions? Is his affliction hereditary? Or are the terrors of manhood beginning to rot his mental core?

The fact that *Take Shelter* leaves us with more questions than answers is Nichols' trademark. The consistency of Shannon's performance, allied with the notion that Gamin is fundamentally a good man, ensures we keep the faith that brighter days and Spring colors will eventually return. Sissons, though loyal, isn't quite so sure.

Through her worried and watchful eyes we see the LaFerche world veer perilously towards the point of no return. Like her, we fear that Gamin's impulsive actions may be fatal. The tornado bunker he carves into the earth of his suburban backyard to protect his brood from the kind of Days might as well be a hand-poured cake.

But when motor oil is spit northwards from fat grey clouds and chirping meth crash around Gamin's head once more, it's impossible to ignore

the sensation that disaster, be it human or natural, is an inevitable force we must all eventually face. Like it fragile. Like inescapable.

For all its allegorical merriment, however, Nichols' omnious splicing of genre and mood oftenly dials his film's impact. The narrative doesn't need absolute clarity. It's better for the lack of it, but a touch more metaphorical tact, or at least less repetition, would turn *Take Shelter* from a bleak gale to a force five. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Win the Critic's Week Grand Prize at Cannes

Enjoyment. Shannon and Chastain are a force to be reckoned with

In Retrospect. The supernatural horror/suburban drama mash-up doesn't always sit well, but there's no need to take shelter from the Shannon/Nichols union

Resistance

Directed by Amit Gupta
Starring Andrea Riseborough,
Tom Wlaschiha, Michael Sheen
Released November 25



Promising alternative history can be a tricky business. Get it right and the effect can be profound (*Never Let Me Go*, *District 9*). Get it wrong and you could find yourself fighting for scraps with Richard Kelly. First-time director Amit Gupta falls on the frontier side of this fine margin, but his experimental conviction isn't enough to save his film from straying into absurd.

In 1944, five years since the failed D-Day landings, and the Nazis have reached a remote Welsh village after cross-stepping across the English Channel all the way to Whitball Hoe, a handful of women tend to their dwindling flock of lame sheep under the harsh landscapes with increasing ferocity.

Their husbands are mysteriously absent, presumably off mounting a covert counter-invasion - leaving the women under the watchful eye of a group of Wehrmacht soldiers sent to

occupy the region. To begin with, the women's resistance manifests as a collective cold shoulder turned against their invading aggressors.

But as the months pass, the unbroken Sami (Andrea Riseborough) begins to look beyond the uniforms, realising that in order to face the encroaching winter they must pull together. They begin engaging with one another, perceiving at first, but over time hostility and hatred are diluted by pragmatism and the raw will to survive.

From this point, the relationship between the women and soldiers becomes increasingly complex. Captain Albrecht (Tom Wlaschiha) grows fond of Sami, so much so that, in a moment of mutual trust, he reveals to her the ultimate reason for his squadron's prolonged stay in the village: Sami, while cordial, remains uninvited.

Gupta complements Owen Sheers' source novel with a moody palette of hazy tones blues

and Getapo grey, accenting the severity of the mountainside in which this power and highly tactical war unfolds. But the set setting, however, is a cold, bleak film. Riseborough is a cold, blank film. Michael Sheen comes across with what's missing: conflict. Adam Hoodless

Anticipation: World War II
Eric Waters

3

Enjoyment: An accomplished first feature. It's Riseborough who emerges head held highest, though

3

In Retrospect: Vanishes from view like sleep in the mist

2

Junkhearts

Directed by Tigray Krishnan
Starring Eddie Marsan,
Rosie Gao, Candice Rose
Released November 4



Continuing the tradition of disreputable British grit in all its gritty, gloomy glory, debut director Tigray Krishnan's small but powerful dissection of family, addiction, loss and love kicks off with a potent and disquieting sense of foreshadowing which sets alarm bells ringing from the get-go.

Indeed, from the minute we see Eddie Marsan's disreputable and distorted mag, we know things are going to get much worse before they get any better for these characters. Maman is Frank, an ex-soldier haunted by a violent past. He lives a life of solitude in his small tower-block London flat, pounding the floors on a bid to suppress the painful footbacks of dark days gone by. On a routine trip to his local off-licences, Frank has a brief run-in with 16-year-old runaway Lynette (Candice Rose), whom he offers to take under his wing.

Initially reluctant and sceptical of the stranger's generosity, the feral Lynette eventually accepts Frank's kindness and the two reluctantly form an unlikely bond. However, when her drug-pushing boyfriend (Tom Sturridge) turns up on the doorstep, Lynette and Frank's lives once again begin to spiral out of control.

Meanwhile, a seemingly unconnected single mother-heroinmom, Christine (Rosie Gao), is dealing with problems of her own, which include a drug addiction and an affair with a married man. The inevitable downward plunge for all involved provides a fairly depressing experience, but Krishnan keeps us on our toes and tautens with a number of narrative devices that keep you guessing which direction *Junkhearts* will take.

However, though the incongruous Rosie Gao portents of the film (eventually whelled

down to pretty much nothing) lead to an abrupt, jarringly optimistic finale that doesn't sit comfortably with the rest of the film.

Still, with an eye for the ugly and squalid, Krishnan has crafted a moving and capturing drama, and his incredible ensemble cast brings this tale of loneliness and loss to life. Lee Griffiths

Anticipation: More down and gloom on the streets of London

2

Enjoyment: Depressing, uncompromising, absorbing and moving

3

In Retrospect: A gritty, self-assured directorial debut

3



LastExitToNowhere.com

You better watch out. You better not cry.

Joachim Trier

Tour de Norse

Reviewed by Adrien Wischniowski

A quick leaf through the history books will tell you that 1959 was a bad year for Europe's elite establishment. May saw roisterous Prague Spring protests in Czechoslovakia and long wins with the Best Director prize, while Alain Resnais' *Je t'aime... Moi non plus* verified the Nouvelle Vague as more than merely the dour of an uncuriously screen-bound on the Côte d'Azur.

By the time the wind settled, the furniture had been rearranged, in the traditions of the colonial revolt, various contemporaries to The 400 Blows and so had been overshadowed. One of them was The Chorus, a distinctly unconventional film from a young Norwegian named Eirik Larssen.

Despite making waves in his hometown, Luther's lack of recognition in Coates and the continent at large was a humbling blow he never fully recovered from. He made just one more film before putting his bark on illustration in the mid-'70s to Scandinafinian audiences, *The Glasser*, remains a watershed release.

Fast forward to May 2011 and another Norwegian son ascended the red-edges of Cancer! Grand Thilane Lassalle for the first time: Joachim Trier - Leibniz's grandson. Amongst the world citizen heavyweights popping up at the *U.S. German Award* ceremony, Trier looked in danger of belatedly continuing an unfavorable family tradition. But instead of signifying the beginning of the end, *Odyssée* (2011) finds Trier from ardent particular to bona fide success.

Lassek isn't the only cinematic root in Trier's family tree; his father worked as a sound engineer and his mother was a keen documentarian. But while making films is in his blood, the 37-year-old was late to embrace his lineage: "I had an appreciation of cinema from a young age, but I spent most of my teen years hating it," recalls Trier. "I won Norwegian champion a couple of times and my youth evolved around doing a lot of slack videos and come-and-go art."

During this formative period, Baker began shooting himself and other staffers, eventually abandoning his first love altogether to focus on life behind the lens. "It was sort of a lifestyle choice to go into filmmaking," he explains. "I guess I just got sick of the whole show scene, but I learned a lot from that scene, particularly through making videos where you're always looking to shoot the coolest trick in the best and most interesting way possible."

To complement his revisionist U-tours, Trish moved to London to study at the National Film and TV School, returning to Ohio seven years later with a degree, a handful of short films and a modest stash for what would become his feature debut. Trish's next step was to flesh out his fledgling screenplay with pal and writing partner Brett Weig. As for the small matter of scraping together the requisite home to get *Reaper* rolling? Well, Trish's punk disposition

Like Sophie, Otto is a thinly veiled version of Tizir's adopted hometown (he was born in Copenhagen), yet the nostalgic link he writes to Berlin in his once a much darker hue. "I used to hate Otto when I was growing up," he reveals. "I always thought of it as the suburb of Europe where nothing much ever happened." What changed? "After living in London, I rediscovered my sense of belonging to it. I guess it's that old cliché of having to go away to really find yourself.

"It's a city with a very hidden beauty," he continues. "When like Stockholm or Copenhagen, which are very architecturally striking cities, Ohio doesn't have that same kind of superficial beauty, but if you look closely enough it's a really stunning place, especially in the time of year film is set. I think there's something very beautiful about Scandinavia at the end of summer. It's taken me a long time to get to know it."

Bethel, Ohio is an urban sprawl much like any other. A conglomeration of houses dominated by a few large shopping centers and the

Filmography *Joachim Trier*

On This Day, August 31st (2013)

Reprint 2004

surviving character of common people going about their ordinary lives. His protagonist, Anders, is a damaged soul desperate to slip back into something, anything, that resembles normality after a long life spent as an adult.

The Oslo Anders returns to doesn't know him the his negotiator he walks in answer and still more in our parts judgment-free. The people who know him, however, can't help but trust him differently. In a further echo to Norway, Oslo involves into a stark and intense study of trustworthiness, loyalty and consequences.

"I wanted to really focus on how we attempt to help each other," they explain. "Relationships can fragile but people's intentions are fragile also. If you analyze the way people talk, as I do, it's interesting to see how inconsistent people are. I'm curious about themes that define us with how things, wedge or how things are not made; how relationships change over time."

"Ours is a tragic story in many ways, but I think it's important to ask the question how much can you do to help your friends? It's a film about the difficulty of talking to each other. How do we talk? With humour or emotion? It's a complicated thing and I don't feel like I have all the answers."

Despite having made what he regards as a "culturally specific" film, Tricarico globalizes. He recognizes and relates to his own kind in whatever city he visits, be it Oslo, London, Cannes or New York, where he hopes to make his third feature – his first English-language

"I don't think people change very much wherever you go. They live quite similar lives, they read the same books, watch the same movies. Taking my films on the road is always fascinating because watching people in different cities makes me realize how much we have in common."

Check out the full agenda online now.



Oscar, August 31st

Directed by Joachim Trier

Starring Anders Danielsen Lie, Andreas Bresen, Maja Glav Brønner

Releasued November 4

heater it's Ingmar Bergman's cold meditation on death, Lars von Trier's sparse emotional inquiries, the melancholy child vampires or the macabre rape victims, one thing's for sure: it's grown up Norway.

Finally following up his acclaimed 2006 debut *Nymph*, director Joachim Trier remains with a beautiful and uplifting film about drug addiction, depression and existential angst. The Hollywood remake might be a long time coming, but this is the feel-good movie of the year. Scandinavian style.

Downfaced (thirty-something Andør (Anders Danielsen Lie)) only has a few words left of what Trier follows him over the course of a single day out in the real world to attend a job interview - confronting the people that watched him rip his life apart and dwelling on what the future may or may not hold.

Regrets, missed opportunities and wasted chances are paraded in front of Andør as he drifts through the city he used to know, while Trier's camera focuses as much on the people and places of Oslo as it does on Andør's gently exploding tragedy.

Adapted from Pierre Drieu La Rochelle's 1931 French novel *Le Feu Follet* (originally filmed in 1943 by Louis Malle as *The Fire*

Wife), the film weaves its literary and cinematic influences on its steely, Confirming Antonioni's ardent eye, Bresson's classic tone and Malle's bold ambience, Trier will manage to give the film a remarkably original voice.

Following mundane pedestrianism in the street and eavesdropping on conversations already overheated in crowded cities, the camera drifts in and out of Andør's story as the city begins to dissolve him. Glances stolen across a bar, the sound of music coming from the next room and the feel of an empty marketplace at the early hours of the morning. Oslo is a portrait of life's seemingly insignificant, yet lightly poetic moments.

Recklessly shifting the tone and mood, Trier isn't afraid to share on the broken usher. An awkward conversation between old friends and an excruciating job interview play like some interludes along the otherwise robust momentum of Andør's journey - neither scene any the less compelling for the unanticipated change of pace.

Performances are strong across the board from an inexperienced cast, with Danielsen Lie (his last performance before having acted before to pursue a career in medicine) utterly

convincing as the gruff, driven youth reflecting the smutty of his generation.

Filmed in the golden hues of late summer (as the title suggests), *Oscar, August 31st* is an ode to the city itself. Painting the delicate hues of Andør's descent into the labyrinthine urban canons of the town he grew up in, Trier's film is filled with a deep sense of nostalgia that bathes the often bleak tale with unexpected warmth. A film of fine detail on a grand scale, you won't come out hating a happy tale, but you'll certainly "feel good". Paul Bradshaw

Anticipation. Anyone who saw *Reprise* has been waiting for Trier's next effort for five long years.

Enjoyment. A poetry of moments, this is bold, beautiful filmmaking at its most personal and compelling.

In Retrospect. An astounding achievement, Joachim Trier's haunting film will stay with you for weeks.

Camp Hell

Directed by George Vrabelak
Starring Will Denton,
Bruce Davison,
Christopher Denham
Released December 3



Amongst a Christian fundamentalist summer camp, senator Tammy (Will Denton) experiences temptation of the flesh courtesy of teen hunk Melvin (Valenzio de Angelis), receives lectures on virtue from Father Phineas (Bruce Davison), and gets lessons in non-conformity from free-thinker, Jack (Connor Franta). He also becomes convinced he's being persecuted by a demon.

Evidence mounts to corroborate that wild theory. The chapel is deserted. One boy poops in his trousers when Tammy lays hands on him during prayer. Strange communal dreams induce the female campers to hyperventilate.

What sets writer/director George Vrabelak's quirky, unconventional low-budget debut above and beyond its horror peers is that it's an unusuallyertilized piece of filimaking. Tammy's supervisor, Cleopatra (Christopher Denham), is an absurd figure who causticizes Spain comics and lectures the boys in the dangers of communism, but he's also caring and compassionate in a crass. Father Phineas is kindly and compassionate, the sort of preacher who can fill pews with his warm personality. What makes it all the more shocking when he calls Melvin a whore for trapping outside with Tammy after dark.

In a sly way, *Camp Hell* is a venture towards fundamentalist Christian values, but he portrays the holden of such views with sympathy and understanding. The young actors all give

unselfish, natural performances. Denton and de Angelis are coaching for their innocence and vulnerability; Christopher Denham underplays expertly, while Bruce Davison, the ever-reliable Wilder vet, glows with conviction as Father Phineas.

Anyone hoping for a tame gore-fest will be disappointed, but lots of off-kilter campiness should definitely have this film on their radar.

Unsettling, unpredictable and often charming, *Camp Hell* has the makings of a minor cult classic. Julian White

Anticipation. At a glance, seems like another amateur-cutter hokey

3

Enjoyment. An unexpected and unobtrusive take on sin and the devil by a director who – shock horror – actually has something to say

4

In Retrospect. Fine performances, a thoughtful script and a sensitivity of direction make *Camp Hell* head and shoulders above most films with "Hell" in the title

4

Tabloid

Directed by Reed Morano
Starring Joyce McKinney,
Kara Garris, Peter Torsy
Released November 30



The extraordinary documentary Ross Ratay-Morano couldn't be more timely, as Amanda Knox and "Thicker" dominate the year's headlines. But it's not the reference to *Tabloid* that makes it so revelatory, it's the sun-spangled melody of Miss Joyce McKinney.

In 1977, a Mormon missionary went missing in southern England. His surfaced several days later alleging that McKinney – a former girlfriend and one-time Miss Wyoming – had abducted and raped him. What followed was a Wild West-style frenzy, in which McKinney was chewed up and spit out by the British press.

At the center of the now-wore *The Daily Mirror* and *The Express*, occupying either side of a battle line drawn up by McKinney herself as she sued and failed to play the system. With photographs dispatched to LA to dig for dirt

(and finding satisfaction), the scandal soon morphed into a dark farce.

The ridiculous story is told in dead by a master of frantic, playful and suspenseful beats. But it's Joyce, played by Joyce – who owns the show. A natural raconteur, she plays the emotional register like a giddy schoolgirl, tears, laughs, self-pity and gas-light chicanery spilling together. She's the most heartbreakingly sympathetic mentor since *Kathy Sone*.

Morano has some tricks – including a snarky habit of literally spelling out some of the wilder claims in bold type across the screen. But he's also got a point to make. The beats may maintain a debasing distance from their work – it's what allows them to treat people as playthings and lies as fodder. But there are always consequences. From the outside, the

tabloid virus might look like a game, but if it is, it's a blood sport. Max Bochanski

Anticipation. With memories of *News of the World* and *Amanda Knox* still fresh, *Tabloid* could hardly be better timed

3

Enjoyment. Incredibly entertaining but with a serious point to make

3

In Retrospect. McKinney is no Robert McNamara, but there are lessons to be learned from this fog of silence

3



festival
1st-20th
november
2011

www.ukjewishfilm.org



20 DAYS. 76 FILMS. 14 VENUES.

The best new cinema from around the world touching on Jewish themes,
from Sean Penn to Israel, from Vodka Barons to Late Night Horror.

University of Warwick Film and Television Studies

Film and Television Studies has a worldwide reputation for the quality of its teaching and research within the fields of film and television aesthetics, history and theory.



It was the first completely free-standing Film and Television department in the UK with all its resources being devoted to the intensive study of the two media.

The Department is housed in a new multi-million pound study centre equipped with 35mm, 16mm and high definition digital projection facilities. Students benefit from outstanding subject-specific print, electronic and audiovisual library resources and a dynamic international research culture that features an ongoing programme of research seminars, symposia and conferences. In the 2001 Research Assessment Exercise, the Department was rated top Film and Television Studies Department in the UK for the quality of its research. It was one of only seven departments across all disciplines and universities in the UK to have the majority of its research activity classed as a 'g' (i.e. 'world-leading in terms of originality, significance and rigour'), the department is regularly placed at the top of relevant newspaper league tables in the field.

THE UNIVERSITY OF
WARWICK

Staff

José Amroid; Charlotte Brundson; Stella Bruzzi; Jon Curro; Catherine Cowdell; Ed Callahan; Stephen Gundle; Rachel Moseley; Michael Piggott; Alastair Phillips; Karl Schonhoven; Helen Wheatley

Research Degrees

MPhil PhD in Film and/or Television Studies

Master's Degree

MA in Film and Television Studies

Contacts

PG Admissions Secretary: H.J.Hares@warwick.ac.uk
Online: <http://www2.warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/film/postgrads/>

Applications

Online: <http://www2.warwick.ac.uk/study/postgraduate/apply/>

Funding Opportunities for 2012-13 (MA/MPhil/PhD)

3 AHRC PhD scholarships

3 AHRC MA scholarships

Details of Chancellor's Scholarships and other internal funding opportunities:

<http://www2.warwick.ac.uk/services/academics/filmgspl/scholarship/>

Deadline January 1st 2012



Moneyball

Directed by Bennett Miller

Starring Brad Pitt, Jonah Hill, Philip Seymour Hoffman

Released November 25

Is there anything more American than baseball? Along with apple pie, root beer and capital punishment, a good old-fashioned ball game is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any freedom-loving Yankee. For all that's wrong, those tears are likely to be shed in bemusement. Luckily, Moneyball is "about" baseball in the same way that *The Social Network* — with which it shares a certain screenwriter — is about web development. Even if you don't know a fly ball from a curve ball, this a gripping drama, both for its classic underdog-makes-good story and also for what it has to say about modern America.

Based on Michael Lewis' bestseller, Moneyball tells the real-life story of how Major League Baseball team the Oakland A's upset the giants' odds in the 2001-2 season. Frustrated at how costly the MLB's big franchises outspent his mid-size team, the A's general manager, Billy Beane (Brad Pitt), hires young, inexperienced economist Peter Brand (Jonah Hill) to rethink the team's approach to the game. Using statistical models, the pair identify undervalued players with overlooked strengths and put together an underdog team (an "island of misfit toys," Brad calls them) to compete with their moneyed rivals.

The film's production team was almost as difficult to put together. Steven Soderbergh originally planned to make it as a documentary, but was replaced by Capote director Bennett Miller after producers decided it would work better as a drama. Aaron Sorkin was then hired to retool Steven Zaillian's original script. To use a baseball term, that was a good trade. With its witty, numbers-based premise, Moneyball could have been extremely dry. But in Sorkin's hands, it becomes a sports-based companion piece to *The Social Network*.

Just as that film uses Facebook to examine friendship and the nature of creativity, so Moneyball uses baseball to tell a story of masculinity, leadership and American capitalism in the twenty-first century. Beane becomes a symbol of the ailing fading glories, a middle-aged man desperate to turn back the year and stand toe-to-toe with opponents who consider him a spent force.

Drawing upon his movie-star charisma to give Beane an intimidating, Type-A attitude, producer/star Pitt gradually shades a with gruff paternalism as his players begin showing their worth. It's a subtle, human performance that ranks up there with his finest.

Christopher Nolan's regular cinematographer Wally Pfister invests the film with some strikingly beautiful images — a Stars and Stripes slowly being unrolled on a freshly mown grass; a baseball arcing over stadium lights into a catcher's mitt — while Miller guides us through the narrative twists and statistical cold-reads of the story with dexterity.

But Sorkin's contribution is the key to the movie's success, using the classic narrative arc of the sports drama to paint America's National Pastime as madcap ads, whizbang and blash. It's the best film about statistics you're ever likely to see. **Dan Stewart**

Anticipation. Statistics and baseball? Might razzlecheck this one.

Engagement. Beane and Pitt smash it out of the park

In retrospect. A seasoned, mature picture eight out of 10 field

2

5

4

We Were Here

Directed by David Weisman,
Bill Weber
Starring Ed Wolf, Paul Bonsberg,
Daniel Goldstein
Released November 28



One of the first documentaries to take a detailed look at the emergence and impact of AIDS, David Weisman and Bill Weber's challenging film serves as a reflective account of the arrival of the disease in San Francisco's gay community in the 1970s. Using a combination of interviews and archive imagery, *We Were Here* chronicles the rise of the epidemic from its roots as an unknown virus, erroneously referred to as "gay cancer," to its status today where, though prevalent, it has become treatable.

Focusing on the experiences of the individuals, all of whom lived in San Francisco prior to and during the epidemic, each remembers personal and often deeply upsetting tales of their encounters with the disease. Though only one is afflicted with the disease, they are all victims in their own way.

Their reasons for sharing are intensely personal: "None of my friends are around from the beginning," explains Daniel Goldstein, who is HIV-positive. "I want to tell their story as much as I want to tell my story." He lost two partners to the disease and considered suicide—an account that is no doubt applicable to many who lived through the epidemic and have learnt to cope with the aftermath.

Kern to emphasize the point that the gay community did not sit idly by as the disease spread, the filmmakers and their interviewees shed a light on those issues in a way that mainstream media未能做到. This is the story of a community that came together in the face of a devastating event, working tirelessly to curb the effects of an uncontrollable outbreak that was taking their friends and families.

We Were Here addressing issues not only to those who lost their lives to the illness but also to those who selflessly gave their time and compassion to help others. The end result is an honest, frank and moving documentary. **Paul Weeden**

Anticipation: In-depth analysis of an event often shunned over in mainstream media. **3**

Enjoyment: Thoughtful, honest and moving. **3**

In Retrospect: An eye-opening piece of cinema. Compulsory viewing. **3**

Tower Heist

Directed by Brett Ratner
Starring Ben Stiller,
Eddie Murphy, Tea Leoni
Released November 2



With *Tower Heist*, Brett Ratner returns to the yucks-and-chucks styling of *Rush Hour*, bringing it to bear on an unpretentious crime-caphe narrative which roughly succeeds in rehabilitating Eddie Murphy post-North but fails in almost every other aspect.

Ben Stiller reprises the unbreath-takingly gormless persona seen in *Night at the Museum* as the jobsworth building manager of high-class high-rise The Tower. Stiller is the counterpoint to Alan Alda's super-smash powerhouse dudler. When Alda is snatched for some unnamed financial winds, and the service staff's pensions are declared MIA (long dead) in that the superficial social-conscience bullet, Stiller decides to assemble a hilariously inept crack team, break into Alda's penthouse and steal his hidden millions. Hilarity—shorn of mirth.

Whence Ted Griffin (*Madagascar*) and Jeff Nathanson (*Men in Black III*) admiringly hit the mark with a handful of choice lines,

mostly uttered by Matthew Broderick, one of the few cast members who impresses. Other commendations go to Tia Leoni, who dredges more laughs from a drunk sot than she has any right to; baldly virile young patients with the death-dealed plot. And Murphy's Thaddeus Pioche-style monologues also buy most of the miles, if not necessarily in the right order.

But the caper narrative is toothless, flailing in the second act with several lame plot developments and some confusing action before completely abandoning credibility and resorting to a checklist of end tropes: the dramatic dropping from high-rise windows, life-threatening-fights-ending-with-heros-on-top suspense, and a completely unnecessary sequence of shooting-through-cracks sequences.

The biggest calamity, however, is Ratner's portrayal of The Tower's never-staff, but betrayed working classies, who appear to

enjoy universally harmonious interpersonal relationships and disdain ethical codes. As if it wouldn't be possible to sympathize with working men and women robbed of their pension if they didn't all hang along all the time, bantuming about their different grievances like a collection of entry-level stand-ups. This is *Tower* syndrome sure, they're poor, but look how much fun they're having below deck! **Christopher Nolan**

Anticipation: Ratner crime-comedy? It'll be rubbish. **2**

Enjoyment: Oh look, it's rubbish. **2**

In Retrospect: Yep, that was rubbish straight. **2**

Las Acacias

Directed by *Pablo Giorgelli*
Starring *Germán de Silva,*
Hebe Duarte,
Nayra Celle Momenti
Released December 2



An African Election

Directed by *Jarrett J. Mays,*
Karen Mays
Released November 28



Truck driver Rubén (Germán de Silva) has a self-contained life. The first few minutes of *Las Acacias* document his solitary progress through a day's labour. Director Pablo Giorgelli shows him in claustrophobic tight angles within his cab, revealing little sense that Rubén possesses any life beyond his one on the road.

But Rubén has agreed to carry a passenger, Jacinta (Hebe Duarte), on her return trip from Paraguay to Argentina. She wants to cross the border in search of work, and in bringing her three-month-old baby with her, Rubén is unprepared. No one told him about a baby. He agrees to take them, maybe to keep his end of the deal or maybe because he's fundamentally decent.

He greets them gruffly, rudely even, and doesn't help the overburdened Jacinta onto the truck, despite the fact that she's carrying her whole life in an array of pathetic-looking holdalls.

The baby feels horribly vulnerable next to Rubén's enormous truck and the heavy industrial load of logs he transports. A lonely visual metaphor is created with that of the heavy load trailing right behind Rubén and Jacinta; they're both followed by an oppressive

Bandy distinguishable political parties, colourful charasam, dodgy rhetoric, corruption and fake smiles. It may be election time again. Although this might sound like a familiar scenario, my comparisons with British or US politics are purely coincidental. This is the lead-up to the 2008 Ghanaian democratic election, during which filmmakers Joseph and Karen Mays went behind the scenes to document the political wrangling and jockeying of the leading parties and the battle for domination that ensued.

With a solidly structured approach to the very slippery subject of democracy, *An African Election* relies on the natural build up of tension and anticipation in the lead up to the electoral contest. The New People's Party has been in office for eight years, and the National Democratic Congress, the more left-leaning opposition, went to knock it off its perch. On the streets and in the workplace, Ghanaians put more money, greater access to healthcare and education, and increased food production. Each party is willing to promise whatever it takes to convince the population to put the X next to their on-the-hilltopper.

The directors have assembled a vibrant cast for this anatomy of an election, from the two opposition leaders themselves to academics, journalists, party reps and everyday folk. As the big day approaches, tensions rise, so much between the parties and their supporters, with incomprehension

and violence on the cards. This is when, in *An African Election*, what's at stake can be a bit hazy, easily sum up to the issue and draw you in.

When a person is willing to stand in line for 12 hours to vote in a process undermined by controversy, it's hard not to root for them. Real democracy would add progress not only in Ghana, but Africa as a whole. Although it can be a bit heavy-handed at times, this is a well-balanced and carefully constructed window onto a world that's struggling to improve itself. **Laura Bushell**

Anticipation. A Camera d'Or award at Cannes promises an interesting watch

Enjoyment. A nuanced tale about two damaged people played by two brilliant actors

In Retrospect. Fantastic performances that may win you and a director who isn't afraid to let you think for yourself

4

3

3

Anticipation. Good cerebral fare for a doc that promises an insider's view

Enjoyment. Great access to a wide range of key players, but the drop in pace makes for a slow mid-section before the election itself ramps up the tension

3

In Retrospect. Timely and balanced, this is a great insight into an otherwise closed process. But would it be more at home on TV?

3

3

'A TOTAL DELIGHT' THE GUARDIAN 'LANGHAM SHOWS US WHAT WE'VE BEEN MISSING' THE INDEPENDENT 'SCRAPPY AND JOYOUS' THE DAILY TELEGRAPH 'FASCINATING' TIME OUT 'ABSOLUTELY DEMANDS TO BE SEEN ELECTRONIC FARMYARD 'HEART-BREAKING AND QUIETLY POETIC' MOVIEREVIEWS

AMANDA
HADINGUE

SIMON
AMSTELL

CHRIS
LANGHAM

COLIN
HURLEY

BLACK POND

A FILM BY WILL SHARPE & TOM KINGSLEY



BOOK TICKETS

WATCH TRAILER AND FIND REGIONAL SCREENINGS
AT WWW.BLACKPONDFILM.COM BLACK POND
OPENS AT THE PRINCE CHARLES CINEMA IN
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

11TH - 17TH NOVEMBER

Wuthering Heights

Directed by Andrea Arnold
Starring Solomon Glave,
Shannan Bear, Kaya Scodelario
Released November 17



Fab 30s director Andrea Arnold isn't the most obvious choice for a new adaptation of *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë's emotionally rebarbative novel. But by breaking away from the overblown likes of Laurence Olivier's 1939 edition, Arnold renews *Heights* as a gritty, twisted classic.

Confidently making Brontë's story her own, Arnold's film is an even modernization (her characters beat Ebombs and C-grenades that would have made the author herself blanch), a respectful dispensation and a gutsy re-imagining.

If Brontë evoked the barren Yorkshire moors as a representation of animal character Heathcliff's insanely wild nature, Arnold takes the metaphor one step further by casting the traditionally white role anew. Here, Heathcliff (Solomon Glave) is a young black boy who's dragged off from the moors ("It was the Christian thing to do") and befriended a local spinstress Catherine

(Shannan Bear). But with Catherine's brother Hindley (Lee Strasberg) crippled by jealous rage, Heathcliff's in for a tough climb.

More than ever, visually dialogue-free, Arnold's film relies on hokum-sticker images and meaningful glances for its angles. Pinned at a loose, handcan fashion, *Heights* is built in as superior fire-hall when it comes the coarse beauty of the Yorkshire moors with an impressive cast of young first-timers, all of whom deliver raw, untempered turns that pulse with feeling.

Despite her exceptional plucks, there's no question who Arnold thinks the real star is. The disease is in love with her carbuncle Yorkshire landscapes and ambient-as-the-elements drama to a fault. While the raw-lit imagery kindles a frangly first mood, her repetitive use of certain images derails any sense of grace. At times, *Heights* nearly resembles a David Attenborough documentary

Something to be expected more than enjoyed, *Heights* is too long by a good 30 minutes (its second half struggles to be Brontë's emotional beats) and would have packed more punch with a little careful pruning. **Josh Weisberg**

Anticipation. Andrea Arnold steps from kitchen-sink drama to period tragedy. **Rating:**

4

Engagement. Passionate and faithful, Arnold's film is anything but sluggish toward a lethargic climax.

In Retrospect. A mix of an entirely successful interpretation of Brontë's tome.

3

Romantics Anonymous

Directed by Jean-Pierre Améris
Starring Benoît Poelvoorde,
Isabelle Carré, Lorette Crayon
Released December 2



Jean-Pierre Améris' slight, confectionary comedy may look after François Ozon's *Belle* in both style and tone, but its melancholic discord won't mean everyone's tastes.

Chocolate-factory owner Jean-Rémi (Benoît Poelvoorde) business and reputation are melting faster than fatigues in a furnace. The problem is that his devoted team of chocolatiers simply can't keep up to snuff. But he's about to be thrown a lifeline in the beguiling form of Angélique (Isabelle Carré).

Despite being a natural come-when, Angélique comes forward as a will-o'-the-wisp with bright ideas for whisking some rough buck onto Jean-Rémi's floundering venture. Which she does, without much fuss, after convincing her boss to barter a new upgrade that into production. Secretly, Jean-Rémi is seeking a life partner, but he's too ashamed to make a move and Angélique is too shy to signal her reciprocal affection.

As Améris hoses the will-they-won't-they subplot, *Romantics Anonymous* takes a bland turn. For a director known for delivering hyper-emotional drama, it's surprising that he gives Carré and Poelvoorde so little to work

with. Thankfully, his lead pair see Améris' blunders, fleshing out their cogny duet with a tender chemistry. Still, there's about as much depth here as a hunk of M&Ms, and without the lyrical assurance of an Ozon or Ozon's aforementioned delight, it simply doesn't have enough going for it to make you wish to go back for more.

Romantics Anonymous does exactly what it says on its ribbon-bound can and, at a trim 80 minutes, it's as short and sweet a slice of Gallic romance as you could hope to come across. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Life is sweet.

3

Engagement. A sugar-coated change of tack from an underhanded filmmaker. Won't win Améris many new fans, though.

3

In Retrospect. Those who like their French cinema sans schmaltz will have to look elsewhere.

3



50/50

Directed by Jonathan Levine

Starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Seth Rogen, Anna Kendrick
Released November 25

Will Reiser was in his early twenties and working as a writer on *Dawg's G Show* when he was diagnosed with cancer. *50/50* is his cathartic, semi-fictionalized and very funny account of the experience, written under the stewardship of exec producers Evan Goldberg and Seth Rogen. But if their influence can be felt in the film's unexpected and generous insights, it's also there in its failure to balance that honesty with human drama.

That's not to say *50/50* isn't an emotional movie, with Joseph Gordon-Levitt's wearying muddle into the middle's distance as Adam, a nail-biting, pony-tailed neurotic who, to his shock and horror ("I don't drink, I don't smoke, I rock!"), is diagnosed with the big C.

His journey through the grueling stages of diagnosis, hair loss, grief, despair and remission is never less than compelling and is handled by director Jonathan Levine with a dead-easy-care-bear that strays the fine line between comedy and tragedy.

But there are two different films here—or at least two separate ones—moving in parallel without ever actually colliding. The first is an unashamedly bromantic comedy in which Seth Rogen takes centre stage as Adam's best mate

Kyle, who refuses to see his friend as a victim and instead uses Adam's cancer as the perfect excuse to let his gags. And so Rogen gets all the juicy kudos, giving full vent to that shaggy charisma and shamelessly smirking accent after scene until, eventually, you realize he's just dragged the entire film.

With Rogen off screen, that second film is allowed to emerge and it turns out to be an often quite touching & somewhat uneven cancer drama that has all the usual movie beats (girlfriend who can't take the pressure, therapist listing life for patients, pop music as an emotional crutch), but nevertheless manages to introduce a note of quiet tenderness in the final third.

Conduits for that goes in large part to Connie Britton, who really adds the delicate measure of pathos, warmth and vulnerability needed to see the script's disparate parts together. Mother is a cancer patient and wife of an Alzheimer's sufferer, Diane is the subject of the film's sharpest observations, but also its most sympathetic moments. And while Anna Kendrick's turn as a young therapist is bogged down by clichés, at least it offers her the opportunity to display a smile

that slips effectionately from brittle to dazzling and back again.

Indeed, Adam— with his shaved head and below-eye—is the only character who isn't hiding behind a mask, whether it's his blokey bonhomie, professional concern or parental strength (Rogen's mom is a patchwork of myriad do-oms, Redhead and immigrant mom designed to entice you that it's anything but a nose-of-the-nail drama). And yet, weirdly, despite all the posturing and preening, the film's conventional moments are actually as hot. **Mark Bochenski**

Anticipation. Sounds rough but original. Not sure if this can really work. 3

Enjoyment. Big laughs and small drama. Heartfelt and light impact. 3

In Retrospect. It's not a major landmark on anybody's résumé, but it's nothing to be ashamed of either. 3

We Have a Pope

Directed by **Nanni Moretti**
Starring **Michel Piccoli**,
Nanni Moretti, Jerry Stahl
Released December 2



Snow Flower and the Secret Fan

Directed by **Wayne Wang**
Starring **Bingbing Li,**
Gwynn Jahn, Faye Wu
Released November 11

A大象地電影 interpretation of Chinese-American author Lisa See's novel of the same name, *Snow Flower and the Secret Fan* is a predictable and overly Westernized take on Chinese culture, focusing on the age-long friendship of two pairs of women across two different points in time.

In nineteenth-century, two young girls in Hunan province are paired together at *LaoLing* ("Old-Sister"), a traditional confectionery that ties them in an eternal bond of friendship. Isolated by their families, they begin to communicate with one another by writing between the folds of a white silk fan, maintaining over the course of their lives a close relationship, despite of their cultural differences, which grow ever greater with the passing of time.

But that's where the similarities to such source material end, as Wayne Wang's film ingloriously works as a parodic story focusing on the descendants

of the death of the Pontiff, Rome's senior cardinal gathers in the Sistine Chapel to elect a new divine chief. Much pulling and deliberating later, the ballot grows out the name of Cardinal McBride (Michel Piccoli), much to the surprise of his hallowed peers.

With St. Peter's Square abuzz (director Nanni Moretti recycled footage from John Paul II's coronation service), all eyes are on the man of the hour to say foward, slip on the white zucchetto and give his inaugural address to the masses.

But when the moment arrives, McBride is nowhere to be found. Overwhelmed by the gravity of the occasion, he's had the Vatican, donning crests to that his soul-search in peace. Meanwhile, the remaining cardinals call in a shirk (played with drill charm by Moretti) to talk McBride around, believing he's simply returned to his quarters.

Faith and dogmatic custom are hardly obvious foundations for a mainstream comedy, but *We Have a Pope* is just that. Moretti has taken on Italian ecclesiasticism before, rousing Berlusconi in 2006's *The Great Beauty*, but he's more diplomatic here. The Church is depicted with respect, so much so that Moretti grants



of the two girls in present-day Shanghai. Like their ancestors, the friends struggle to maintain the intimacy of their own childhood friendship in the face of the demands posed by their careers and love lives, and the duo must draw on the experience of their forebears to avoid losing one another forever.

If nothing else, this film-fated present-day timeline shows a complete lack of faith in the audience to absorb a period-set drama, holding viewers in contempt as such are patently echo the other. It's an approach clearly intended to evoke an emotional response, but the film's jarringly excursion diminishes any impact as it switches back and forth between the centuries for no discernible narrative purpose.

The characters are some desirably astute, haphazardly switching between Mandarin and English as if seeking to resonate a multinational audience that they haven't stumbled into an

away with inhabiting the geometric banks that occur behind closed curtains — most notably an inspired compass volleyball scene.

The longer it goes on, however, the more apparent it becomes that this isn't a film about religion in all. McBride is first and foremost a man beset with a sense of inadequacy brought on by a momentous life decision. He is elevated but ultimately vulnerable. When a prey Moretti lays on the laughs a little too thick. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. *Paradise or contrived?* Moretti is always worth paying attention to. **3**

Enjoyment. Whether you're an atheist or Opus Dei disciple, *We Have a Pope* is playful, unpredictable fun. But it's the sparse dramatic moments that linger. **3**

In Retrospect. Lighthearted and lightweight. Is Moretti beginning to lose his bite? **2**

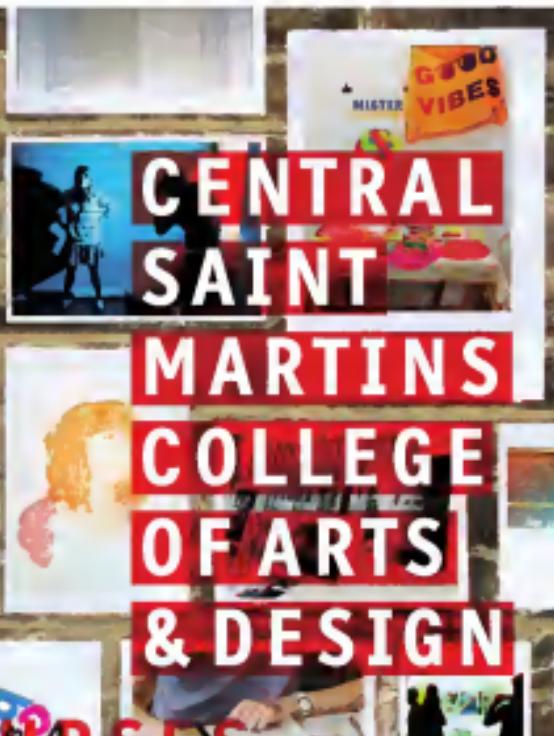
arthouse pedigree. The sad result plays out like a confused, albeit good-looking, soap opera burst of imagination but loaded with cheap shots at emotional gravitas. **Paul Weeda**

Anticipation. Another rapid-paced drama — one produced by Mrs. Rupert Murdoch, no less. **2**

Enjoyment. Overlong and devoid of any real emotional substance. **2**

In Retrospect. Visual flourishes aren't enough to distract from a confused plot and mawkishly sentimental overtones. **1**

DISCOVER YOUR
CREATIVE POTENTIAL
NO MATTER WHAT
YOUR AGE, PROFESSION
OR SKILL LEVEL



CENTRAL SAINT MARTINS COLLEGE OF ARTS & DESIGN

SHORT COURSES 2011—12

University of the
Arts London
Central
Saint Martins

EVENING, DAYTIME AND SATURDAY COURSES. CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOL COURSES.

ANIMATION	CREATIVE PROCESS	FINE ART	PAINTING	PRODUCT DESIGN
ARCHITECTURE	DANCE	GRAPHIC DESIGN	PERFORMANCE	SCULPTURE
BUSINESS SKILLS	DRAFFING	ILLUSTRATION	PHOTOGRAPHY	TEXTILES
CERAMICS	FASHION	INTERIOR DESIGN	PORTFOLIO PREPARATION	THEATRE DESIGN
COMPUTING	FILM AND VIDEO	JEWELLERY	PRINTMAKING	WRITING

PLUS THESE COURSES: 13–15 YEAR OLDS / 16–18 YEAR OLDS / DUAL CITY SUMMER: MILAN, BARCELONA, PARIS / ENGLISH PLUS / FULL-TIME PORTFOLIO PREPARATION / ONLINE COURSES / STUDY ABROAD

SHORT COURSE WEB LISTINGS AND SECURE ONLINE BOOKINGS:

WWW.CSM.ARTS.AC.UK/SHORTCOURSE

TELEPHONE ENQUIRIES: +44 (0)20 7504 7005



skillset
Media Academy



The Human Centipede II

Directed by **Tom Six**

Starring **Lawrence R Harvey, Ashlynn Yennie, Kristen Brondum**

Released November 4

In Franz Kafka's 1915 novella *The Metamorphosis* begin with Gregor Samsa waking from troubled dreams to find himself transformed into a monstrous bug, then Tom Six's *The Human Centipede II (Full Sequence)* comes with a decidedly Kafkaesque pedigree. For its protagonist, Marin (Lawrence R Harvey), is also troubled by dreams – mostly involving the father who should have died as a child. And while it is his many brutally abdicated captors, rather than himself, who will be transformed into the center of the tale, his own derivative nature, polygyny, castration and bulimic rage all lend him the delusional appearance of an insect.

Soon Marin will also become the worm that earned. This amorous, sexually challenged, sexually confused carpenter student was reportedly sodomized by his father (now in prison). He's subjected to constant psychological abuse by his unloving mother (Kristen Brondum). He's castrated amorphously by his creepy doctor (Bill Haderman). He's banished bloodily by hisonyuguean neighbor (Jesse Nicholas Harris). And he's castrated by just about everyone that he encounters in his workplace. But this lifelong victim who harbors his own twisted male fantasy of revenge, empowerment and perverse ascension.

Kept up by the glib *The Human Centipede*, which he watches with the sallowing enthusiasm of a real fanboy, Marin hopes to bring to fruition Dr Hauer's dream of creating the Yall sequence of 12 human segments joined mouth to anus – and

so he sets about violently collecting subjects, even luring the actress Ashlynn Yennie (who played the original's "final girl") over to London. Yet Marin lacks both the surgical skills and the sexual indifference of Hauer, ensuring that this horrope will be augmented with DIY mummification.

The BBFC initially refused Six's film a classification, claiming the reputation at the be-all-and-end-all of offensiveness. Yet now, down of "just" two marathons and 37 seconds, the film has been granted an 18 certificate on appeal, rather bellying the classifying body's original claim that "unacceptable content runs throughout the work" so that "cans are not a viable option".

These 12 cuts can have been excised for more cleanly than Marin's hachuky of his visual ligaments, teeth, cheeks and buttocks, so that the final product looks squalid and amnesic coherent. It's also no more likely to corrupt or depress than any number of other horror flicks with the same rating.

Yet those expecting a Six-style sequel may be in for a surprise. For a start, *The Human Centipede II* is often very funny, as Six allows a subversive strain of dark humor to seep through his narrative, rooted in the raw, Kurosawa-esque performance of the wonderfully grotesque Harvey. The film is also unapologetically artful – as innovative sound design, elegantly spatial cinematography and narratively oppressive domestic scenes recall *Essential* or *Bad Boy Bubby* more than your average torture pic.

Better still, its positioned relation to *The Human Centipede (First Sequence)* constantly calls into question whether Marin's malice is a product of his upbringing and environment or of his taste in movies. It's almost as though Six has pre-empted, dismantled and trashed the kind of viewer response that would see his film nearly heralded.

It remains unclear whether we hate him watching real depravity, a nightmare in a damaged brain or just the sort of abhorrent fantasy that film-watching can inspire in us all. And so, in this tale of bizarre entrapment, where incarceration is parred down unashamedly heretical clean like water down a depressive snail, the spirit of Kafka reigns – and every one of us is on trial. **Aaron Blod**

Anticipation. So wrong it's right? Or just plain wrong?

3

Engagement. A heady blend of the stupid and the sophisticated, the weird and the surreal (University) funny, too.

4

In Retrospect. Everyone can squirm to Six's sick joke – even if the punchline is fast forgotten.

3



CINECITY

JAMESON

THE BRIGHTON FILM FESTIVAL

17 NOV – 4 DEC 2011

Perfume
House

University of Brighton

British
Film
Archive

Lotter
Fund

SCREEN
EXTRA



The National Lottery®

Brighton &
Hove
City Council

CINE-CITY.CO.UK
BOOK NOW ON 0871 902 5728

Bristol Encounters

17th International Film Festival
16 – 20 November 2011

The UK's leading short film festival

Special Guests include Director & Artist
Sam Taylor-Wood (*Nowhere Boy*), Director
Bruce Robinson (*Withnail & I*, *The Rum Diary*)
Animator John Kricfalusi (*The Ren
& Stimpy Show*) plus more



Festival programme, Delegate registration
& tickets available now at:

encounters-festival.org.uk

Find us on & @EncountersIFF #ENC2011
Armadillo, Watershed & Cube Cinema, Bristol, UK

FUNDED BY



Supported by
The National Lottery®





Weekend

Directed by Andrew Haigh

Starring Matt Czuch, Chace Crawford, Jonathan Rhys

Released November 8

Praised by refreshing honesty and two remarkably unflinching performances, Andrew Haigh's examine drama follows two gay men who form an unexpectedly close relationship following what is revealed to be a one-night stand. While Haigh focuses on the contemporary gay experience, its observations about the subdivisions associated with forging new relationships are universal. The infrequent but often brutally graphic sexual imagery may appear confrontational, but this is arguably Haigh's intention given that the film effectively inflates against heteronormative attitudes to homosexuality in mainstream culture. The end result is a work that provides an intimate depiction of gay life that admirably avoids the pitfalls of dated stereotypes to tell an authentic and believable love story. **Paul Wondra** **3 1/2**

The Rum Diary

Directed by Bruce Robinson

Starring Johnny Depp, Aaron Eckhart, Kristen Bell

Released November 12

There was always the worry that this passion project – produced by Johnny Depp, written and directed by an ‘out of retirement’ Bruce Robinson – might葱ose but not inspire. Thankfully, the gamble is all good. Though Hunter S Thompson didn’t live to see his chronicle of *The San Juan Star* in Vina del Mar brought to life, Depp is sure “he’d be whooping” with a smile that celebrates his unique voice. Compared to his drug-addled compadres, Depp’s Kemp is the straight man around whom the action revolves in this tale of a novelist with writer’s block dragging his way in a back. The causal setting and period dressing for this \$45 million adaptation are sumptuous, but in Kemp’s raffish SoBe (Michael Rapaport) grunts, “This place is like someone you fucked and they’re still under ya!” **Dan Brightmore** **3 1/4**



The Silence

Directed by Brian Helgeland

Starring Emile Hirsch, Ethan Hawke, Michael Pitt, Sebastian Stanberg

Released October 28

Twenty-three years ago, a young girl was raped, murdered and left in a wheat field. Now another young girl has been found dead in nearly the same place as that unsolved crime. As the case opens up old wounds for some and new ones for others, a detective is determined to connect the two murders. *The Silence* weaves together a refreshingly macabre crime thriller under the gaze of a character-driven anthology. Less about the ‘who’ behind the crime and more about the ‘what now?’, Sam Rockwell/director Brian Helgeland’s film dives into the lives of those who have been affected. From the shift-shocked widow detective to the murderers themselves, *The Silence* is filled to the brim with complex and incendiary characters, which helps make Helgeland’s debut a smart and emotionally driven crime dramedy. **Lee Griffiths** **4 1/2**

Surviving Life

Directed by Jim Jarmusch

Starring Nick Nolte, Klein Reed, Zosia Mamet

Released December 2

To say that *Surviving Life* is unconventional would be something of an understatement, but few would expect anything less from Jim Jarmusch. A self-styled ‘psychoanalytical comedy’, it’s a typically maddening endeavor from the legendary Coach narrative in which, using the trademark combination of cut-out animation and live-action film-making, he focuses on the absurd nature of dreams. Opening with a mock confession confessing regret that what was originally conceived as a conventional film has turned out “a poor, imperfect substitute for a live-action film”, what follows is a surreal, often baffling but nevertheless genuinely funny reenactment of the ramifications of psychoanalysis. With an visually arresting imagery, it’s a stark reminder of Jarmusch’s loopy genius and the welcome return of a master in his field. **Paul Wondra** **4 1/2**



Snowtown

Directed by *Jeanne Karsel*

Starring *Aaron Pedersen, Daniel Henshall, Bob Adleman*

Released November 18

After being sexually abused by a local child molester, 16-year-old Jamie (Aaron Pedersen) is taken under the wing of John Banang (Daniel Henshall), a man whose unorthodox views on sex offenders resonate with much of the community. Banang's warped conviction appears to offer a solution to Jamie's problems, but before long he's inexorably drawn into a nefarious world of bagancy, self-righteousness and murder. The scenes carried on by Banang's gang between 1982 and 1999 reflect Australia's worst social failings. As a result, Justin Kurzel's debut feature reflects a deeply unsettling portion of one of the darkest chapters in the country's history, which, from the outset, offers little in terms of a respite from its bleak outlook. **Paul Weisss** **2 3 3**



Magic Trip

Directed by *Alex Gibney, Alison Ellwood*

Starring *Robert Downey Jr.*

Released November 18

Effectively a collage of footage shot by author Ken Kesey during one of his many psychedelic excursions across America with Neal Cassady and their band of Merry Pranksters in the mid-1960s, *Magic Trip* serves as a fitting homage to an era immortalized by an legendary drug culture. On their travels over the years, Kesey and his friends amassed hours of footage which until now had remained unused and largely forgotten about. Poured together for the first time by directors Alex Gibney and Alison Ellwood, their reels are meticulously reconstructed to provide a vision of America all but lost to the passing of time. Mixed with a combination of archive materials, radio interviews and audio recordings, today Kesey's images take on a whole new meaning, forming a vivid picture of 1960s drug-addled America. **Paul Weisss** **4 3 3**

Anonymous

Directed by *Roland Emmerich*

Starring *Elieba Alba, Benicio Del Toro, Jude Law, Richard Armitage*

Released October 28

Roland Emmerich's film poem on that heavy old theme that Shakespeare was a fraud. *Anonymous* presents the Earl of Oxford (Rhys Ifans) as the true author of the plays, Shakespeare himself (Rafe Spall) in a drunken and illiterate buffoon. The "wits-Saint-Gaudens" argument has a long history, but this silly film does its adherents few favors, spinning as it does a preposterous tale of political conspiracy that has the young Elizabeth I (Judy Richardson) bearing Oxford's illegitimate child, whose claim to the throne is passed obliquely by the pseudonymous drama. All that wouldn't mean much if the film were remotely entrancing. It isn't. Notwithstanding a sturdy turn from Vanessa Redgrave in the elderly Queen, *Anonymous* wallows in its own clemencies. You'd left yearning for the sort of lighthearted fun displayed in John Madden's far superior *Shakespeare in Love*. **David Ehrman** **3 1 1**



Demons Never Die

Directed by *Ajyan Rose*

Starring *Robert Sheehan, Jessie Jacques, Ashley Walters*

Released October 28

With a brilliant opening involving shot, that recall *Demon Seed*'s "Blood Out Blood" school sequence, debut filmmaker Ajyan Rose stylishly sets up a group of mischievous teens — including *Magic's* Robert Sheehan as a *Darje*-esque loner, *Moby-Dick's* Emma Rigby as a buxom temptress, and *Myth's* Jason Momoa as a wise-by-mutter who find themselves stalked by a masked killer. Tragedy be odd, *Demons Never Die* never gets that good signs. But if it's not inventive or scary enough to eat right the bone, Rose's like horror stretches anemic budget to the max with a ton of atmosphere. From the pre-credits *Seven* prologue to the night-within-shaky-cam finale, Rose goes on a whiplash tour of darker realms while his talented young ensemble find moments of truthfulness in their schoolyard monstrosities. Lots of promise. **Jonathan Crocker** **3 3 3**



CHAPTER FIVE
in which we
EXPLORE
the
MESMERISING
MINUTIAE
of
MOVIE
CULTURE

RENTAL | RETURN MAIL | RETAIL PRICE | MEMBER PRICE | EXPIRATION DATE



THE

Back Section

38

Our yearly send off, send up and sod off
to cinema's great, good and godawful.

MAN-
DOWN
SPECIAL



Edited by Adam Lee Davies & Paul Fairclough
Illustrations By Lauren Gentry

Sidney Lumet

June 25, 1924 - April 9, 2011

OBITUARIES

Often lost its harshest biographer this year, whereas Woody Allen paints New York in various shades of burgundy and corduroy, and Marty shatters on the Italiai claret, Lumet etched the city in grit and grime and hevy, bleary washed out lives lived out close to the buckled core of the Big Apple. From the searing crucible of *Bog Day Afternoon* to the incense summertime bazaar of *The Wiz* and the wintry wash of *The Verdict*, Lumet sketched his adopted city in every light.

Often thought of as an actor's director, Lumet was also blessed with a green eye and a boundless energy that he used to corral what was often stagelbound or otherwise difficult, unweedy material into taut, gripping cinema. Serpico is often mentioned as his high-water mark, but it is perhaps the bleak majority of 1971's *Prince of the City* that will eventually outshine them all. "A cop is warning. Nobody's safe" was the film's tagline, much conflicted serial switchbacks would define all Lumet's best work.



When he did stray from his beloved New York, the results were, it has to be said, something of a mixed bag. He made a couple of real gems with Sean Connery in *The Offence* (set in smoky North Africa) and *The Hill* (an Army glasshouse in North Africa), but long Island-set "gay kiss" shocker *Deschanel* starring Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve was a bit of a turkey, while a rare sojourn to LA resulted in marred James Woods thriller *The Morning After*. These days, occasionally unconvincing elegies aside, Lumet leaves behind a body of work to stand with any in post-war American cinema. ☀





John Barry

November 1, 1923 - January 30, 2013

Million dollar Mickey Mouse music' is what John Barry made, according to the man himself. Almost everyone else will remember him as a master themsmith whose arrangement of Moogy Norman's theme defined the road movie.

Yes, there was that tricky business with the Inland Revenue in the '70s but by then, as what was something of a less patch, Barry could reflect from his expatriate California home that he had knocked The Beatles off the top of the charts with 'Goldfinger', scored *Midnight Cowboy* and picked up an oscar for *Born Free*. He also, briefly, got to call Jane Birkin 'the missus' in the days when she was cool and gamine and not at all leathery and yellow.

For some, that might have been a hog enough bunch of laurels to rest upon but by 1991 Barry was back at the top of his game with awards for the scores for *Dances with Wolves* and *Out of Africa*, as well as having the distinction of providing the only intelligible aspect of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Barry's foray into musical theatre with an adaptation of Brighton Rock in 2004 was less successful - the Observer described his score as sounding 'as if a television had been left on in the background'. Its run at the Almeida Theatre was counted in weeks rather than months. The incident was a rare moment in which the Midas touch deserted the man who soundtracker sweeping big screen adventure and brought jazz mod, yes, synthesizers to mainstream film scores. ®

OBITUARIES

ROLL AWAY THE STONE

Davies risks the wrath of the gods by playing Lazarus with a cinematic wish-list of forgotten pleasures.

ROB HORROR FILMS ABOUT WEIRD TINY ANIMALS

GBack in the day - when horror directors knew no keep their films fast, cheap and out of control - they relied on small, furry, slimy little critters to sweep the bejewelled eyes of audiences. So we had *Night of the Gators*, which pitted Janet Leigh and Dennis frick star Trek against a crew of carnivorous rabbits in the Arizona desert; Michael Caine in killer bee disaster *The Swarm*; and the creepy but ugly *Shape: The Movie*.

In these days of stem cell research, nanobiotechnology and nanobots cloning, the time must be ripe for a cycle of films featuring wave upon wave of nano-controlled hive-mind chinchillas, or else with giant bee-attics growing out of their backs, or genetically enhanced teleporting starfish. Enough of the wacky B-horror and wacky crossover shlock-ups - let's get small, strange and scientific!

THE ROCK BEGINS

The new year sees the welcome return of the rock biopic after it was almost entirely destroyed by the imperfect storm of *I'm Not There*'s earnest formalism and twangy Nicki-Freudian *Boo!-Ticker* Walk the Line.

So it's with something approaching hysteria that we look forward to *It's on the House!* - Harmony Korine's forthcoming biopic of Amy Winehouse, in which the troubled chanteuse is played, in various stages of her life, by Russell Brand, Eric Cantona, a CGI flamingo and the Bishop of Durham.

Endowing a linear narrative in favour of a series of impressionistic memory-cakes served on a platter of gin-dappled reminiscences, the film is buoyed by some astounding performances, most notably an earthy turn from Brand that will surprise and delight critics of his addled knock-about comedies. From what we've seen, *House!* is a brave refutation of gender identity in an increasingly commodified music business, played with verve, lager and gusto. Go see.

MAN DOWN



Again and again we've been promised a second outing from the director of 2004's mind-boggling science-fiction classic *Primer*, but as yet we've had nothing. Out there in the whivers - outside of space and time - is a site for Carruth's new movie, stagnary.com, but it gives away even less than that tricky fifth viewing of *Primer* itself.

Back in June 2010, a *Stagnary* was reportedly 'in the works', but months later Carruth was telling people that the cryptic website was merely a cosmic placeholder until funding was secured.

Scant details have emerged about the script but what we do know is as troubling as it is intriguing: a 30-year-old protagonist set in a provincial Mid-West town sometime during the '80s gives way to an ensemble cast of 10 kids in possession of a 'black box' that produces possibly semi-sentient 'white discs'.

Primer was hands down one of the most intelligent science-fiction movies made on any budget, so can someone please give this man a pile of cash so that if he is going to disappoint us with a Duncan Jones *Source Code* moment we can just get stoned over with.

THE NIGHTLY DOODLEMOVIE

"In our heads it's like Indiana Jones," noted co-conspirator Host Fielding said recently about the absurdist electro-jazz comedy duo's proposed silver screen voyage.

That'll be an Indiana Jones in stock heel boots, pretentiously block-quoting excerpts from Virgil while a short, fat American in a powder blue Sha-Prest safari suit bounces set the theme from *Howard's Five-O* over some tasty fusion beats then, will it?

But the clock's ticking and jungle fever doesn't last forever. It would be a real shame to think that their singular tribal thunder had been stolen by the bone-dry imagination of Joseph-cohort Brad King's 2009 style-connect *Monkey and the Bull*. A deal is, however, reportedly already in place with NBC Flix, so fingers crossed for the first of a series of unhinged rope & Crosby-style adventures that plunge Vince Noir and Howard Moon through the worn, warped heart of dayglo Gedenk existentialism. ☺



The Departed

Clint Robertson

September 9, 1933 - September 16, 2011
An all-American screen star since Clint Robertson essayed such star-spangled roles as ZPT, Col. Young and how-a-go gunner Uncle Ben in the Spider-Man films. He was the sole pair of hands you could call on if Henry Fonda was unavailable.

Dubie Smith

February 18, 1948 - August 3, 2011
GQ magazine isn't the only gridiron legend to make the move onto film and television! Violence. Former Super Bowl-winning defensive linemen Charles "Dubie" Smith test a level of aggression known to the police Academy scale as hollering-but-pestered flat-top Masses Highmovers.

Peter Falk

September 24, 1927 - June 21, 2011
Best known as crumpled copper cologne, Falk's signature blend of foible charm and cantankerous maniacal was embodied by the likes of William Miedema, Frank Clegg, Jim Sanders and, most memorably, John Goodman. Peter Falk will be missed.



Michael Caine

November 26, 1933 - March 17, 2011
Michael Caine's butler in the Tom Burton Batman films enjoyed a long, varied career interred with Tony and GATTACA awards before he cracked up to Wayne Manor to dispense a fine line in amiable fuck-you wisdom-bombs that deflated and/or confounded the bat knight at every turn.

Peter Tolan

July 26, 1935 - January 5, 2011
Aldershot's favorite son's heraldic style was expressly suited to the free-wheeling '60s and '70s, conditioned '70s of American cinema. He'll be remembered for Bullitt and *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, but loved for added ambulence via *Mother, Jugs & Speed*.



Pete Postlethwaite

February 7, 1946 - January 3, 2011
Everyone's favorite grumpy, cross-faced uncle was a late bloomer, but made up for lost time with one of the most free-ranging and peer-garbed falsehoods of any actor in recent memory. His best roles in even the longest discourses an ungodly, iconic quality.

Jimmy Smits

December 2, 1959 - August 18, 2011
The *Waltons* vetbed his way up to scriptwriter on *Summer Soldiers* before game-changer *The Color of Paradise* ('91) and *Crash* ('05). His muscular reiteration of those tired characters remained both hamster's daintiness and the perception of horror excess.

George Kuchar

August 21, 1942 - September 6, 2011
Madcore indie godfather George Kuchar was a goliath experimental whose work inspired both David Lynch and John Waters' *It's Only Rock'n Roll*.

Soldier of Progressister Bogdan and Bill Thy Cook with Milwaukee that George will now be officially making out.

John Goodman

May 22, 1952 - June 8, 2011
Impassioned polemicist or macho hooligan? He was known as 'Pac-Man' Goodman, and as approaching under the look with his own brassy approach for a number of excellent, overlooked films before producing *Thumper*'s gangland alchemy with the long Good Friday.

Michael Sarrazin

May 21, 1960 - April 17, 2011
The first uses on the flower-power *Julie's* of Peter Fonda we off on some extended hippie joyride. Canadian actor Sarrazin's wounded good looks were showcased in 1979's bizarre existential dance-madness classic *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

Kevin Janss

August 6, 1964 - April 1, 2011
Writer of a couple of the greatest scripts never filmed, Janss's original versions of *First/Last* ('84) and *The Devil's Double* and Kurt Russell's *Mythic Corp* 'nudiefest' *Madame* were considered a pair of the funniest of recent times before ego-explosions and budgetary shortfalls respectively diluted them beyond all recognition.

Ed Speldos

August 21, 1918 - July 28, 2011
You might not be familiar with the name, but veteran character actor George Ed Speldos was the friendly face of military-industrial tomachery for a generation. The fatally vengefulness *Maciste* (1960) is glorified, if not that weird general who ends Martin Sheen upriver in *Apocalypse Now* was just one of the memorable grotesques in a career that saw him hold his own against Brando, Connery and Melville.

Merle Oberon

July 1, 1915 - March 27, 2011
There aren't too many highlights to Oberon's lookless career, but the best

A Roll-Call of Honour

MAN DOWN

police of Hope and Strooper or a Tex Willard don't carry long shadows across any actor's bibliography his Broadway career was similarly poised and his off-broadway late was a humpy ride to stay the longest.



Elizabeth Taylor
February 27, 1932 - March 23, 2011
The perception of sex in her later years may have shifted into that of timeless parody, but she had one hell of a career. Cleopatra and *Virginia Woolf* may be the cornerstones, but we shouldn't overlook her jazzy turn in *Tennessee Williams'* absurdist Southern Gothic drama *Death of a Salesman*.

Rosie Nix
April 4, 1915 - February 21, 2011
Let's get something straight: Rosie Nix wasn't a Hell any more than Patrick Swayze lived in a 'methouse'. He was a native chippie who dedicated himself to the 'young adult' theory of comedy. As Frank Libicki, author of the *Winterhawk* Springer, he established himself as the early-'70s go-to guy for crass continentalism.

Jane Russell
June 25, 1919 - February 20, 2011
Briefly the epitome of the Hollywood pin-up girl, Russell also played Sex Vegas, keep cut with GIs in *Screwy* and cut a record called 'Bourne-ing'. Maybe there was more to Russell than *The Outlaw*, but it was often hard to see past her blouse-straining bosom to whatever that something might be.

Red Buttons

July 25, 1941 - August 19, 2011
Buttons deserved his hit the world stage in 1959 with *One Hundred Million* but by then he was already a practical failure, known mostly on the festival circuit. His work with big names like Catherine Deneuve and John Malkovich never matched the energy and subversiveness of the shorts and screwball prisms that made up the vast bulk of a career that ran from 1940.

Arthur Laurents

July 14, 1927 - May 5, 2011
Playright Arthur Laurents wrote the books for both *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*, but when he became a screenwriter things took a darker, more unceasing turn, most notably with the screenplay for Hitchcock's tense vigilante, *Rope*.

Maria Callas

March 27, 1923 - February 13, 2011
Forever remembered as the woman who put the 'spreadable' into 'butter' in *Bartolucci's Last Tango in Paris*. For her troubles, she - along with Brando and Bertolucci - was criminally indicted in Italy, and charged with using an 'adult' film, an accusation that was disproved only after the jury actually sat through the movie and realized it was merely sophomoric pseudo-sexual banter.

Tom Berenger

December 5, 1949 - April 28, 2011
Rarely one of the few stars of Hollywood to bear the middle name Theodore, Berenger, who died covering Eighty in Beirut, Libya, always maintained he was a war photographer but a storyteller. That was aptly borne out by the startling domesticity that made his career, *Castigo*, and his book of journalistic musings of the soldiers featured in that movie, *Infidel*.

Keishi Kodama

January 1, 1934 - May 26, 2011
Don't let the cutesy line that Kodama's finest hour was his role in *Baroness's The Hidden Fortress*.

If this was true, his death wouldn't have been started in Japan by the Kochi International Documentary Film Festival programme schedule that caused the demise of his inexplicably popular *gag show*, *Rebel Yell Attack* 25.

Michael Cacoyannis

June 13, 1929 - July 25, 2011
Though his reputation will smear the passing of one of their own, they may not be entirely grateful for the image of the hellion spirit that Cacoyannis exported to the world in his most successful film, *Zeus, the Greek*, a worldwide reputation for living in the moment and doing the impossible is surely not going to do them any favours when the god-arranged nelly-kiss from the 1967 roll into town.



Jeff Conway

October 5, 1938 - May 27, 2011
British New Yorker Conway played the lead role of Ossy from *It's Always Me* Broadway, but was not only devoted to stickup stories for the movies, he was also wedded with the *Matilda* school in order to make star Terrielle look taller. Further agony followed when he was dismissed from TV ratings supremo. Two after his generous self-edification started impacting on the show. ☺

LIFE SUPPORT

The trends, concepts and genres that
are knocking on heaven's door.





MARTIN SCORSESE

SACRILEGE? Probably. But for all Marty's cinematic pedigree, it's been a long time since he pulled up trees with *The Departed* back in 2006. And please don't try to sell us on the dubious merits of the ludicrous, splashy Joel Schumacher-like mid-force of *Shutter Island*, or his weekend selling *Stones* concert film, or the stodgy George Harrison biopic, [because we're simply not buying]. The trailer for the upcoming Hugo looks positively embarrassing, and while his proposed 'Jesus in Japan' epic starring Daniel Day-Lewis and Benedict Cumberbatch sounds intriguing, it also summons uncomfortable memories of sitting through *Citizen Kane*. We don't want gasps and gushes every time, Marty, but maybe a trip back to the old neighbourhood wouldn't be such a bad idea every now and then.

IRANIAN CINEMA

The A-horn of the conversationalistically competitive cineaste's armory, Iranian film looks like being a whole lot quieter in the near future after the authorities arrested six filmmakers in September of that year. They included directors Noyabzadeh, Hassan Saffarian, Reza Afshari and Shahram Shabani, producer Khatayouz Shahrokh and documentary filmmaker Mohsen Shahrokh. Iranian state TV has identified them only by their initials, as if to name the six might somehow speed their artistic martyrdom into the bosom of decent, right-thinking citizens.

ACTUALLY GOING TO THE CINEMA

How much? You seem to have mistaken my request for a pair of seats at the next screening for a box at the Royal Opera House to watch Verdi himself conduct Maria Callas in *Aida* while I scoff pends carpaccio and white truffle off plates made from gold-plated moon-rock. The price of a date movie during the Great Depression was a smoky smile and a half-penny bit; today it's a tenth of that, which, when you think of the purpose of the exercise, could actually be better spent on a cheap hotel.

THE DOCUMENTARY BOOM

Once, the idea of watching a feature-length documentary in a darkened room with a bunch

of strangers seemed exciting and new. But does have spread like kerosene through the cinematic biosphere, proliferating and splintering to address ever more minute issues. So now we get Bollywood therapists battling the Darfurese militia on behalf of the people of Darfur or Morgan Spurlock - director of *Fat, Fast and Beastly* - doing an on-the-earth-shattering revelation that moviemaking is a capitalist business intent on making money with *The Greatest Movie Ever Sold*. We've gone from the roof of the world to a segment of *The One Show* in less than a decade.

VHS REMAKES

With nebulous reimaginings —read-speculative, idea-neutral slate-filled— of *RoboCop* and *Die Hard* in the works, a similarly uninspiring retread of *Red Dawn* in the can, and *Arthur*, *Friday the 13th* and *Petulia* having already arrived D.O.A., isn't it time we threw a spanner into Tim Burton's dangerously overcooked '80s remake warhorse? Fans of the originals don't want their prized shit messed with, and do kids — judging by the recent no-shows for *Chainsaw* and *Frat Boyz* — just don't care for even know about the dubious legacy of supercilious VHS gaffs that were actually pretty sketchy the first time round.

JOHNNY DEPP

Not Johnny! We all love Johnny! Well, yes, we do, but just cast your mind back to the last of his films that you would even remotely consider watching again—the *Tourist*? *Mr. & Mrs. Maisel*? It really should have worked, but... Public demand? *Alice in Wonderland*? *Beowulf*? *Secret Window*? Not so easy, is it? You'd surely have to go all the way back to 2003 and the first *Pirates* film for a true, copper-bottomed success. Something of a crossroads now approaches with his role in Bruce Robinson's adaptation of Hunter S Thompson's long-shelved semi-autobiographical novel *The Rum Diary* promising a possible return to form, while yet another redactive turn as a whey-faced-gothic-with-all-the-fancy-bit for Tim Burton's *Sark* shadown suggests we can't be entirely sure of getting our Johnny back any time soon. ☀

VEGETATIVE
STATE

NURSE, THE
CODEINE!



Transworld

CHAPTER SIX in which we
track FUTURE RELEASES
on the LWLIES RADAR

ADP®

TRANSWORLD
KODAK SAFETY FILM
Print 1 8x10
Print 2 5x7
Dura-Brite
Front Load
Kodak Box



CHICKEN WITH PLUMS

DIRECTED BY Marcie Sissons-Vinger-Premawardena IFA 2013

Cast Marjane Satrapi adapts her own graphic novel, starring Mathieu Amalric as a compensated magician who takes to his bed when his favourite instrument is broken. If you missed it at the BFI London Film Festival, you can get a taste of its quirky pleasure in the online trailer.

THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT 3

DIRECTED BY Eduardo Sanchez, David Mynn IFA 2012

Cast Paranormal activity brought found-footage horror back onto cinema screens two years ago, prompting Eduardo Sanchez and his collaborator Daniel Myrick to return to the granddaddy of the genre. *The Blair Witch Project* is here, apparently. Let's hope it's an improvement on the dreadful *Book of Shadows*.

INSIDE LLEWYN DAVIS

DIRECTED BY Ethan Coen, Joel Coen IFA 2013

News The Coen brothers will follow up *True Grit* with a look at the 1960s folk scene in Greenwich Village. Loosely based on the book, *The Mayor of MacDougal Street*, by failed New York songwriter Dave Van Ronk, it will hopefully take the tributes back to the unusual stylings of O Brother, Where Art Thou?

UNTITLED BLADE RUNNER PROJECT

DIRECTED BY Ridley Scott IFA 2014

Cast Not content with reviving the *Alien* franchise with *Prometheus*, Scott is also said to be prepping a sequel to his 1982 sci-fi classic. Rumours has it that Sean Z. Hartin, the screenwriter of *The Bourne Ultimatum*, has been tasked with working up a screenplay. Perhaps we too will finally see C-Beams glint in the dark near the Tannhauser Gate.

THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES

DIRECTED BY Derek Cianfrance IFA 2013

Cast Ryan Gosling romances with *Blue Valentine* director for this action drama, also starring Bradley Cooper and Rose Byrne. Plot-wise, it sounds remarkably similar to *Drive*: Gosling plays a motorcycle stunt rider who commits a crime to provide for his wife and child. Keep your fingers crossed for a cracking electro-pop soundtrack.

SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS

DIRECTED BY Martin McDonagh IFA Mid-2012

Cast The Irish playwright-turned-director has lured his old *Irreversible* star Colin Farrell for this black comedy about a screenwriter (Farrell) who takes inspiration from a pair of dogfighters (Christopher Walken and Sam Rockwell). Filming began in LA this summer.



J. EDGAR

DIRECTED BY Clint Eastwood R/A January 2012

Plotline

DiCaprio has the showy part as the older FBI chief in Clint Eastwood's biopic, but it's Anna Kendrick who's winning all the plaudits. From the looks of the trailer, Judi Dench looks to be in narrating form as Hoover's impotent mother.

CHILD OF GOD

DIRECTED BY James Franco R/A January 2012

Plotline

James Franco hopes to step behind the camera and into on Cormac McCarthy's only novel, though who knows when he'll have time in his packed schedule to do it. The 1973 book isn't exactly fast stuff, telling the story of a violent, amorphous hobo as he descends into madness.

EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE

DIRECTED BY Stephen Daldry R/A February 2012

Plotline

The director of *The Hours* looks to have upped the triste factor on Jonathan Safran Foer's novel, with newcomer Thomas Horn as the precocious youngster dealing with the loss of his father (Tom Hanks) in the 9/11 attacks. The awful trailer, filled with unnameable emotions and soundbites by U2, does not fill us with hope.

TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE

DIRECTED BY Steve McQueen R/A March 2012

News

Shane's not even cool from the oven yet, and McQueen and Michael Fassbender have already set forth on their next project – a period piece set in mid-1800s New York about a middle-class black man (*Cleopatra* regular) kidnapped and sold into slavery in the south. Head Pats on the producer's chest and will take a role in front of the cameras, too.

JOHN DIES AT THE END

DIRECTED BY Don Coscarelli R/A April 2012

Plotline

The creator of *Phantom* and *Public Morals* teams up with another low-budget cult-dom-in-the-making with one of the best titles of the year. The plot involves a hallucinogenic drug that turns users into slugs. Or something. The trailer doesn't make that, or anything else, very clear.

KILLER JOE

DIRECTED BY William Friedkin R/A May 2012

News

Early word from the film festival season says that the *Kill Bill* director is switching back to his gritty 1970s crime with this pulpy, violent thriller. Matthew McCaughey is the cop-turned-bum, hand by Emily Blunt to kill his mother as renum for three sexual encounters with his sister (June Temple).

LIFE OF PI

DIRECTED BY Ang Lee R/A December 2012

News

Fox clearly has a lot of faith in Ang Lee's adaptation of Yann Martel's Booker Prize-winner, starring Tobey Maguire. The studio has given a prime release date opposite *The Hobbit*'s first instalment, and Brad Pitt's *World War Z*. Roll on Christmas 2012, we say.

THE RAID

DIRECTED BY Gareth Edwards R/A July 2012

Plotline

Keep an eye out for this film festival favourite next year. With director Gareth Edwards having created a hyper-active, über-violent science-fiction film mainly in Indonesia with a cast of unknowns, A vanally breathless, dialogue-free trailer is now online.

RUST AND BONE

DIRECTED BY Jean-Pierre Jeunet R/A June 2012

News

The *A Prophet* director has announced his next project, an adaptation of Craig Berenson's short story collection, starring Marion Cotillard as a boxer's moll. The book's synopsis promises fighting dogs, pugilists, sex addicts and gamblers. Get excited.

ROBOPOCALYPSE

DIRECTED BY Steven Spielberg R/A July 2012

News

If you're a fan of *Minority Report*, you'll be pleased to learn that Spielberg is going back to the future with this sci-fi pic set in the aftermath of a robot uprising. If you're a bigger fan of Spielberg's historical dramas, don't look forward to his *Abe Lincoln* biopic, starring Daniel Day-Lewis as the Great Emancipator himself!

THE DICTATOR

DIRECTED BY Larry Charles R/A May 2012

News

Sacha Baron Cohen's latest attempt to get British audiences chortling on their popcorn finally has a release date, though the comedian isn't looking much out of the bag. Word is, it's a love story of sorts between the eponymous tyrant and the country he can't let go of.

PROMETHEUS

DIRECTED BY Ridley Scott EMA June 2012

Gratapp It is an alien prequel or just a horror thriller set in the same world as Scott's original film? We'll find out for sure on June 1, but we've been hearing a few rumours. One: there will be a dragon. Two: Idris Elba is involved. And three: Michael Fassbender, the dourish conglomerate, plays a central role.

LABOR DAY

DIRECTED BY Jean Reiss EMA 2012

Casting Reiss' sound mind isn't even come out yet, and he's already announced the follow-up - a road-trip movie starring Kate Winslet as a depressed single mom who offers an escaped convict (Josh Brolin) a ride.

THE GAMBLER

DIRECTED BY Martin Scorsese EMA 2013

Newsp Many will wince with him. The original starcast (Leonardo DiCaprio and screenwriter William Monahan) from this remake of Paul Mazursky's 1974 movie, DiCaprio will take James Caan's part. The only one unhappy about that? The original movie's writer, James Schamus, who wrote an angry open letter to Scorsese earlier this year for failing to ask him to take part.

JUST KIDS

DIRECTED BY Tim Burton 2013

Gratapp Peter Sarsgaard is collaborating on a big-screen version of her best-selling memoir of her life as a 1930s New York park geek. Gisele Bundchen (John Leguizamo) is up for who will play Sarsgaard, or has doored, lover, photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

DIRECTED BY TBC EMA 2013

Newsp The producers of Steven Spielberg's *Flags of Our Fathers* and *America*'s *The War* have hired legendary Clearance entrepreneur Robert Towne to pen the World War II drama. From the sounds of things, it won't be a straight remake of the beloved Laurence Olivier classic, but a different take on the same story.

THE ARTIST

DIRECTED BY Michel Hazanavicius EMA July 2012

Foxnews Take our word for it, you'll be hearing a lot about this movie next year. Despite its unlikely pedigree - it's a silent film, with a relatively unknown star in Jean Dujardin - this Cannes hit has had critics cooing and audiences swooping and cheering in equal measure.



THE NYMPHOMANIAC

DIRECTED BY Lars von Trier EMA 2013

Newsp Artificial Eye has bought the rights to von Trier's latest, which, as the very least, promises to present some... um... distribution problems. The filthomaniac director has promised that *The Nymphomaniac* will feature full-on, hardcore pornography. Banned stars Willem Dafoe and Steven Seagal'd better know what they're in for.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

DIRECTED BY Christopher Nolan EMA 2013

Gratapp Warner Bros is apparently hoping to see the French master to turn this sci-fi thriller star he wags up *The Dark Knight Rises* next year. He'll have competition though, if he wins it. Michael Bay, Alfonso Cuarón and *Harry Potter* director David Yates have all expressed an interest in Jason Rothenberg's script.

THE SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK

DIRECTED BY David O. Russell EMA 2013

Casting Russell is well and truly back in the upper echelons of the Hollywood power list, if the cast for his latest is anything to go by. Bradley Cooper, Jennifer Lawrence, Robert De Niro, Chris Tucker, Julia Stiles and *Animal Kingdom's* Jacki Weaver have all signed on to the adaptation of Matthew Quick's book.



THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
VITRINE
IS
NOW
ON
SALE

www.vitrine.it

TELEPHONE: 0169 831 4006



Paul Smith
JEANS

WWW.PAULSMITHJEANS.CO.UK